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THE GREAT CAMPBELL DIVORCE CASE.—EVIDENCE IN FULL.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1886.

VOLUME XLIX—No. 483
Price Ten Cents.



THE LATEST.

NEW YORK "SAWCIETY" WOMEN GO CRAZY TO HAVE THEIR FORTUNES TOLD FROM THEIR HANDS, AND PAY A YOUNG ENGLISH DUDE LIBERALLY TO PREDICT THEIR FUTURES.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1886.

TO OUR READERS.

The Postmaster at Somerville, Mass., was discharged for refusing to mail a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE to Europe. Any reader of this journal being refused the usual mail facilities, is requested to communicate the fact at once to the publisher. Agents wanted to canvass for subscriptions in every city and village in the United States. Sample copies and advertising matter supplied free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

ANOTHER IRREVEREND SCOUNDREL.

It isn't the hardest name to call a man, a wolf in sheep's clothing. He is not the lowest type, for a wolf has redeeming traits, and strategy is sometimes simply generalship. The moral hyena, however, has no redeeming traits. He sneaks into homes to wreck them, and feasts upon the remains. Take the case of one Beggs, who carries a Rev. before his unsavory name. He is accused by the North Bend *Freelance*—and let it be said, accused without ifs or ands—of running away with a married woman of Pawnee county whom he in some way infatuated, causing her to desert husband and children. Rev. Beggs would find difficulty in defending this act on the text of any sermon he ever preached. He may have been a good man once, but if so, it was a long time ago. His light may have shone once, but at present it would be hardly more than brilliant enough to illumine a prison cell to good advantage. The primal mistake a man of that character makes is in not dying very young. And when he does anything as rascally as the act we have described, it would be a good time for the injured husband to correct the first error.

THE "TEMPERANCE" CRANKSSES AGAIN.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is a very prolific body. It can conceive and give birth to more whereases and resolves than any other congregation of people on the face of the green earth, save, perhaps, a woman's suffrage convention. A member of this organization who cannot come up smiling each day with a new batch of resolutions for adoption by the convention is suspected of relapsing into a state of "innocuous desuetude." Having given the American Opera company's ballet a piece of their minds respecting the brevity of their petticoats, they recently laid down the law to Mrs. President Cleveland and Mrs. Secretary Whitney for drinking wine at a dinner given by the latter. It is quite possible that had the W. C. T. U. telegraphed their resolutions to the ladies in question they would have immediately sent out for stomach pumps to remove the obnoxious beverage. In great emergencies of this kind the W. C. T. U. should not hesitate to use the lightning in transmitting their edicts.

POOR "DOC." WILSON.

There is a general disposition to jump on "Doc." Wilson. He seems to be considered the under dog, and everybody wants to have a kick at him. That is the way of mankind. But it should not be forgotten that Mr. Moen swore on the first trial that his transactions with Wilson were legitimate and on the second trial that they were blackmail. It is not to be supposed that anybody will come out of the Wilson-Moen business very clean, but Moen may be found quite as dirty as Wilson. No man who stops to think of the matter can believe that Moen, a sharp and successful business man, paid \$300,000 for nothing at all. Such a supposition is much more incredible than any of "Doc." Wilson's stories. There is certainly something in this business, and it is Moen who has paid to keep it hidden, and who still seems to want to keep it hidden. This matter, like most matters, has two sides to it.

THERE are some big heads at Washington. The powers that have negotiated a treaty with Japan have given out with details the list of offences for which persons can be extradited. That's good. This government would have perished without such a treaty. But what's the matter about getting such a treaty to apply to Canada. No one wants to go to Japan when the refuge of scoundrels is so much nearer.

Millionaire Terry, the richest man in Cuba, who recently died, began business as a peddler. He got rich at that, married more money, and died worth \$30,000,000.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

Mr. Tom Davis, advance agent of a "Lights o' London" company, was last week seriously "slugged" in St. Louis for having asked a pretty girl in a candy store to put some of the advertisements of his show into the caramels she was making up for sale. The young woman's "best young man" happened to be present at the interview, and he landed Mr. Davis in the street with the remark: "You blokes wot comes mashin' round here gits dat every time." The unfortunate agent has determined not to be so zealous in future.

Miss Helen Dauvray says: By gum! Clara Morris: Darn it! Marie Louise Day: Fiddlesticks! Alma Stuart Stanley: Blow it! Dora Stuart: Dang my buttons! Carrie Godfrey: Shoot it! Alice Harrison: Darn it! Mlle. Jaulish: By gum! Mlle. Mathilde Cottrelly: Py tam! Annie Pixley: By gosh! Winnie Johnson: Shiver my socks! Flora Walsh: By hook or by crook! Flora Moore: Jimminy Jim! Marie Prescott: Drat it! Louise Montague says: Blankety-blank! and Mlle. Rhea says:—

It has been definitely settled that Mr. Robert B. Mantell will follow "Princess Ida" in Mr. J. W. Keller's new society play of "Tangled Lives" at the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York, probably on Dec. 13. Mr. Mantell's engagement will be continued until Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera is ready—some time in January. Entirely new scenery will be provided. Keller is a first-class newspaper man and a good fellow personally.

Jolly Tony Pastor has had two authors write plays for him of a farcical nature, in which he is to figure as a theatrical manager and in which a variety performance can be given. Both plays will be rehearsed this week, and the one thought most of will be used on the road next season.

Alice Oates—or what is left of her—is said to be dying. Her financial condition is said to be lamentable and physically she is a wreck. Poor woman! It seems only a short while since the name of Alice Oates was enough to draw an audience sufficiently large to fill every nook and corner of the house she was announced to appear at. In those days she had a sweet voice, a lovely figure and a winsome way about her that went direct to the hearts of the people. She made enormous sums of money, but she spent it like water, and it is on record that in 1875, after playing four straight months at Frayne's theatre, in San Francisco, to the capacity of the house, she had to borrow money to carry herself and company East. Of late years beer and other habits have played their deadly part, and the once pretty, graceful woman is now coarse, fat and dying. I am sorry for her. She deserved a better ending; but it only goes to show how quickly a public favorite is forgotten.

It is a curious fact that one of Alice's earlier bus bands, Tracy Titus, who has been ailing for the past two years or more, is at the Tremont House in Chicago in a very feeble condition of health. The poor fellow has wasted away until he is a mere shadow of his former self, and he has barely strength enough left to move about his bedroom. His malady is of a pulmonary nature, complicated by severe catarrh, and in order to prolong his life it is imperatively necessary that no time should be lost in removing him to a more congenial climate than that of Chicago at this season. Mr. Titus has been for the past two seasons the business manager of the Carlton Opera company, and with more zeal than discretion has kept in harness until he has at length been compelled to give up work.

The late Elliot Barnes was in New York putting on one of his plays; he was trying hard to interest John Stetson in the production. After the play was presented, Barnes met Stetson in the Square, and rushing up to him eagerly asked: "I say, Stetson, have you seen my last play?" Stetson looked thoughtful a moment and then said, "I hope so."

The sixteen-year-old son of a wealthy Chicago wine merchant got stage-struck and ran away the other day. He was discovered by the police in Pittsburg, in company with a sharper, who was living in extravagant style at the lad's expense, and the boy was much grieved at the idea of having to go home without having become an uncrushed tragedian.

The rage for realism, which has knocked acting cold in London, still continues. At the Standard Theatre in that city, a play called "A Dark Secret" has been brought out for the sole purpose of exhibiting a Tank—not one of the beer variety so familiar on the Rialto—but a huge water tank.

The backcloth, painted with the skill for which Richard Douglas, the Standard scenic artist, is renowned, represents Henley bridge and the river bank, the effect of crowds of spectators being very cleverly indicated. Houseboats full of picnickers line the course. Real wherries, outriggers, punts, gondolas and goodness knows what, row hither and thither upon the real water. Real swans wobble aimlessly around, evidently very much mixed as to the whole proceedings—and then, to crown all, a real steam-launch worked by real steam comes snorting and puffing and screeching in and out and round about and up and down and making the whole thing so startlingly lifelike that you rub your eyes and wonder whether, after all, you are not looking at a real Henley through the wrong end of your opera glass. The realism does not end here, for presently boats are upset and their occupants fished out of the water drenched and dripping, hugely to the delight of their kind friends in front, who can always appreciate practical humors of this sort. Finally rain descends in torrents and some of it runs into the orchestra.

Major "Arizona" John Burke, who went abroad in the interest of Buffalo Bill's Great Wild West Show, sailed for America on Tuesday week last in the steamship Britannic. He has been in London for over two months supervising the laying out of grounds of the American Exhibition in London. The portion which has been assigned to the Wild West Show occupies a space of seven and one-half acres, out of the twenty-three acres which constitute the American Exhibition grounds in 1887. A grand stand is being erected which will hold 30,000 people.

Town Topics is responsible for the incredible state-

ment that before he got married Jay Gould's son and heir took the precaution to get the members of the Lambs Club to sign a paper stating that they had never known Miss Kingston to be other than a most demure and proper young lady.

Miss Winnie Davis, daughter of Jefferson Davis, is being used as an advertisement by theatrical managers. She is at present visiting friends in Syracuse, and they have taken her to see Robert B. Mantell in "Tangled Lives," Louis James and Marie Walwright, and McCall's "Don Cesar" company. Not only have the good people of Syracuse been made aware of her presence in their theatre, but the fact has been copiously telegraphed to the New York papers. It is a very cold day when any chance for advertising slips through the fingers of a theatrical manager.

Mr. Henry E. Abbey positively denies that he has any contract to manage Mrs. James Brown Potter in a starring tour, or that he has any intention of managing. Alleged same it's safe betting that Mrs. Brown Potter will ultimately make her debut on the professional stage and in the near future.

Papa Morosini is said to have admitted to a reporter that his daughter, Victoria Morosini Schilling, is traveling with a rich family in Europe and has "expressed her delight in getting rid of that brute of a husband."

The Boston *Globe* says: "Five years ago a fine of \$10 was imposed on every Harvard student caught attending a theatre at Boston. That was before it was discovered that they could be made available as supes."

Richard Dorney, business manager of Daly's theatre, mourns the loss of his only daughter, Miss May Alma, who died on the 9th inst., of hasty consumption at the residence of her parents in this city. Miss Dorney, who was only eighteen years of age, was a talented young lady and a member of Mr. Daly's company. Last summer she went abroad with her parents, and while on the ship contracted a heavy cold from which she never recovered.

I find the following in a Western newspaper which is usually pretty well informed on theatrical matters: "The Juan Terry who was recently buried in Paris was the brother of Sadie Martinot, and not her husband, whose name is Antonio Levery. Miss Martinot has been very ill, and her mother has left for Paris to take her daughter to the south of France, where they will winter."

Come off, my Western friend. Juan Terry and Antonio Terry were brothers, and as will be seen in another part of this paper, sons of Thomas Terry, the rich Venezuelan of Irish birth, who died recently and left fifty millions behind him. Juan and Antonio spent a good deal of their time in New York, and were almost as well known as old Jim Fisk was behind the scenes of the Casino. Sadie Martinot, on the other hand, was a pretty girl—real name Sadie Martin—who used to be an artist in a leg show, married Fred Stinson, afterwards was seen so often in London with Dion Boucault that she was mistaken for Agnes Robertson, fifth or sixth successor, joined the forces of the Casino and finally vanished with "Tony" Terry, but not, so ran general report, in the character of his wife. Tony died, according to rumor, in Paris, and poor little Sadie is once more a widow, so to speak.

One night last week Agnes Robertson, Mrs. Dion Boucault No. 1, occupied a private box at Wallack's Theatre. Later on in the evening, after the performance of "The Jilt," the ancient Dion, accompanied by Mrs. Boucault No. 2, entered and was shown a box directly opposite. The two wives appeared totally oblivious of each other and appeared to be intently watching the acting of Miss Kathrine Rogers, a sort of left-handed Mrs. Boucault, as it were, and the rest of the artists in "Sophia."

There was a great deal of enjoyment and excitement derived from the getting up of the San Francisco Grand Opera House for the Charleston sufferers performance. It seems that one evening the burlesque players and the minuet dancers, who were all "society swells" of the first magnitude, and who had volunteered, met in the Opera House. The burlesque people rehearsed an hour and then gave way to the minuet, which had its hour, and then the burlesque began again. The gentleman who had the management of the latter was struck with an idea that if he wanted to put the band in a good humor and get the best work out of them he'd better spend something for beer. So he called one of the stage hands and gave him some money and sent him for the beer. The boy displayed very great alacrity and departed with an enormous pitcher.

The rehearsal went on very nicely, and when it was all through, as they went home, it occurred to the gentleman who had ordered that he had not seen the stage hand or the beer, and he was quite certain the band had not drunk it. Inquiry was made and it transpired that the stage hand had made a rather painful mistake. The "swell" ladies of the minuet were all seated in the greenroom when, understanding the refreshment to be for them, he walked up to one of the lady managers, held out the enormous pitcher and said:

"Here, mum, I've brought the beer for the girls." The effect was so emphatic that in sheer shame-faced despair he disappeared into the flies with the pitcher of beer, and when they found him he had punished it and got very full in the process.

An amusing incident occurred at the Star Theatre, New York, on Friday night a week ago when Edwin Booth followed "The Merchant of Venice" by "The Taming of the Shrew." When, as *Petruchio*, he affectionately embraces *Katharine*, in the second act, half of his moustache became attached to her left cheek and remained there. When Mr. Booth turned his face to the audience again a shout of laughter went up, and this was increased when the missing part of his moustache was seen on *Katharine's* cheek. The couple were twice called before the curtain, Mr. Booth smilingly stroking the upper lip whence the hair had fled and Miss Vaders hiding her cheek with her handkerchief.

WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

Hung by Their Queues.

A special despatch from Big Springs, Tex., says: "A most daring robbery was committed at Morita, the first siding on the line of the Texas and Pacific Railway, ten miles west of here, at midnight last night. The only inhabitants of the place are a gang of fifty Chinese section hands and a white foreman. At about midnight the Chinamen were waited upon by fifty masked men, who demanded their money. Upon refusing to give up their hard earned cash they were one at a time hung up by their queues until they gave up their money. The robbers, thinking they had not got all the cash in the camp, returned and tortured one of the Chinamen by holding him on a hot stove until his comrades gave up the balance of their money—some \$500 in all. One Celestial had his queue cut off, and was otherwise horribly tortured. No arrests have been made."

Chased by Angry Women.

The women gamblers of Wall street are in a panic. They have been hulling the market and have won, but their pet broker declines to pay up. T. Brigham Bishop used to receive their puts and calls, and T. Brigham Bishop will give them nothing in return. Mr. Bishop is in an unenviable predicament. The women are after him. His office was at No. 58 Broadway. The upper floors of the building are daily infested by female gamblers staking their dollars on the dubious results announced by the stock indicator. On Saturday, for reasons best known to himself, Mr. Bishop had neglected to make good certain losses, and as a natural result his fair clients were in a fever heat of indignation. One of them said:

"This place is kept by T. Brigham Bishop. He failed about one and a half years ago, but paid up then. He hasn't done so this time. We lady traders had been hulling the market on the favorites, and when we struck it rich a week ago Friday there wasn't any cash to pay us. Mr. Wood and Mr. Paffer had been running this place for him, and he had neglected to put up the cash."

They Were Almost Drowned.

A party of young men composed of Messrs. Milton Curry, Robert Weatherford, Robert Lee Curry, Fernando Pino and J. L. Brannen left Key West about 12 o'clock last Saturday night week with the intention of spending Sunday at Boca Chico, an island about ten miles distant, but they came much nearer the "other shore" than they did to the beach at Boca Chico. After sailing around until about 2 o'clock they ran foul of an old wreck in the bay, which started a plank or knocked a hole in the boat's bottom, and amid cries of "The centre-board is split," and "Boys, she's sinking," it began to go down. As the anchor had been put overboard, they did not leave the bar on which the wreck was stranded, and the boat went down in about ten feet of water. This allowed them, by keeping the boat balanced, to remain with their heads out of the water, and by firing off revolvers and shouting they managed to make the night watchman hear them, and a boat arrived and rescued them at 4 o'clock. They had been in the water about an hour and a half or two hours, and it resulted in severe colds to some of the party.

Mrs. McCarthy's Wrath.

When Mrs. Dennis McCarthy left her home in Brooklyn the other evening she had a long horsewhip concealed under her seal-skin doorman. She walked swiftly to the junction of Broadway and Division avenue. She waited there until she saw a coupe, driven by a solid cabman, approach. A tall, good looking man and a well dressed woman of 35 years were seated in the coupe, and seemed to be enjoying their ride. Mrs. McCarthy is a large woman, and the shadow of the thick telephone pole near which she stood barely covered her as she waited patiently. When the carriage was nearly opposite she ran out into the street and seized the horse by the head. The driver pulled the animal up short and the vehicle came to a standstill. Mrs. McCarthy rushed to the side of the coupe, and, as the occupants were craning their necks to ascertain why their journey had been stopped so suddenly, she brought her whip down smartly over the shoulders of the woman in the carriage. "You will go riding with my husband, will you?" shouted Mrs. McCarthy as she rained the blows upon the defenceless woman's head. So you are dear, darling Lena, are you? I'll ducky you." A large crowd gathered, and an officer appeared and seized Mrs. McCarthy, who made it interesting for him. The woman who had been in the carriage hurried away, leaving her hat and a portion of her hair behind. Mrs. McCarthy is the wife of Dennis McCarthy, a leather manufacturer. The woman against whom she cherishes a grudge is Mrs. Lena Barry, who resides in the vicinity of the McCarthy's and is separated from her husband.

Afraid to Tackle Burglars.

The residents of Ramseys, N. J., have been considerably disturbed of late by the visits of a gang of burglars that were bold but always defied detection. The store of George Ryerson & Sons had been entered several times, until finally a burglar alarm was attached to the premises, the wires extending to the home of the proprietor. At 3 o'clock the other morning Ryerson was aroused from his bed by the sudden clamor of the alarm-gong, and he hastily dressed himself. He hesitated about visiting his store alone, so aroused his neighbors until sixteen good men and true stood before him armed to the teeth.

At the store they found that one of the panels of the door had been driven in, but the hole was a small one. The party, in ignorance of the number of burglars and of their fighting condition, concluded not to enter the store but await results. Soon a head protruded from the broken panel, as if to review the situation, when bang went one of the guns of the villagers, and the head was instantly withdrawn and the lights went out inside the store. Neither party made advances until at 6:30 a demand was made to surrender. Three desperate looking fellows were found inside, one armed with a razor, and in a barrel of rice were two very heavy bulldog revolvers, every barrel loaded. The burglars had first forced the depot of the Erie Railroad and stolen a pick with which the panel of the store door had been destroyed. They shoved a small boy through this hole, who opened the rear door of the store to admit the burglars, thus starting the alarm. Three watches belonging to the Messrs. Ryerson were found upon the prisoners. They were taken to Hackensack and committed.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Nanie Letsinger.

Knoxville, Tenn., had a genuine sensation Saturday evening a week ago, in the shooting of Dr. S. A. Harbaugh, a young veterinary surgeon, by one Nanie Letsinger, at her house, 212 Crozier street. Eliza Redell, a friend of the young doctor's, was struggling in the hallway to save himself from the woman's fury, when the pistol was discharged and the bullet was lodged in the body of Harbaugh, who died a few days afterwards. The deceased belonged to Cumberland, Me., and was but a short time at Knoxville when he met his sad end. We publish above an excellent portrait of the woman who did the shooting.

JOHANNA AND LENA WILLIKINS.

[With Portraits.]

Six years ago John Siegel, with his wife and children, left Germany for America. John at that time was in the prime of a vigorous manhood.

About a year after his arrival at St. Louis, Mo., he began uniting with benevolent associations, and at the time of his death, which occurred two years later, he was a member in good standing of Sherwood Lodge, Legion of Honor, the A. O. U. W., and the Select Knights of the A. O. U. W., and had an insurance on his life for \$7,500, which was paid over to the widow within forty days after the husband's demise.

For the wife of a laboring man, this was no small amount of ready cash. She was unused to the ways of the world. About that time friends became numerous, and became deeply interested in the welfare of the widow and orphans. The result was that in a short time Mrs. Siegel had but little money left.

Mrs. Willikins, a sister in the Castle Sherwood Lodge, and also in other organizations, was very attentive and considerate.

Near Tipton, Ill., lived Mrs. Henrietta Ewald, a widow, and a member of Peabody Council, American Legion of Honor, who had a policy on her life of \$4,000, payable to her children on her death. Mrs. Willikins and Mrs. Ewald put their heads together and induced Mrs. Siegel to buy the policy—which was not transferable and worth no more to any one else than so much blank paper—for \$300. The two women made Mrs. Siegel believe that she was getting \$4,000 for \$300; that Mrs. Ewald was in delicate health, not liable to live long, and badly in need of a little money; that they were all sisters in the lodge; that they had taken solemn oaths to help, protect and defend each other; and Mrs. Siegel, having confidence in her sisters, purchased the paper and paid over the money.

This was over one year ago. Mrs. Ewald is still living, and apparently good for many years yet. Mrs. Siegel didn't say much about the matter for fully a year, keeping the paper and quietly waiting for Mrs. Ewald to die when she could get her \$4,000. But the transaction became noised about. Mrs. Siegel became an object of charity upon her lodge, and some began to inquire where her \$7,500 had gone to. Castle Sherwood Lodge, of which Max L. Gumpert is Commander, appointed an investigating committee and the work began.

Mrs. Willikins lived well and doubtless had a great deal of pleasure out of the \$7,200, and finally got half of the last \$300, which she confessed, as the deed was committed in Tipton, Ill., where she made Mrs. Siegel believe she must go to sign certain papers.

The Grand Jury of Monroe county, Ill., have returned true bills against Mrs. Ewald and Mrs. Willikins, charging them with conspiracy and fraud. Mrs. Ewald suddenly left Tipton and went to Waterloo; and when she heard what was being done she left for parts unknown. The women Ewald and Willikins have been expelled from their lodges, and here the matter rests for the present.

ADVENTURESOME GIRLS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One evening the past week Policeman Harris, of Nyack, N. Y., noticed two supposed boys on a street corner acting in a suspicious manner. He kept his eyes carefully upon them for some time, and when they moved off toward the railroad station, he followed them. The officer soon became convinced that they were girls masquerading in mail attire, and it was evident from their actions that they were novices in the business. Finally he overtook them and called them to account, informing them that he was an officer, and could not allow such a thing to go on. The girls burst into tears and admitted their sex. They said they lived in Tarrytown, directly across the river from that place, and for the first time in their lives had started out on an adventure, not supposing that they would be detected.

They belonged, it was ascertained, to well-known and respectable families in Tarrytown, and had

donned their brothers' clothes for the purpose of having "some fun." They were very much troubled over the thought of being arrested and their mischief being made known, and it was evident that they bitterly repented their actions. The officer told the girls their course was a dangerous one, and that they must return to their homes with him, which they were more than willing to do. The ferryboat had stopped running before this hour, and Harris procured a small boat and rowed them over the river, taking them to their homes and delivering them to their parents.

LOST HIS LIFE TO SAVE OTHERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A fatal collision, attended by dramatic circumstances, occurred at Anderson Station, on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, eight miles below Cincinnati, the other afternoon. An engine making a trial trip was ordered to leave there not earlier than 1:45 P. M. It was in charge of Edward Drohan, an old and experienced engineer. At Anderson it collided with a north-bound freight. Drohan had in the cab his two sons, five and seven years old, and also John Naher, aged five. Perceiving the danger ahead, he threw the three children through the cab window and stayed at his post. He sacrificed his life for the boys. John Naher was also killed and Frank Lockwood, engineer of the north-bound freight, badly injured.

THE FAMILY LUCK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The morning of Nov. 30 a fifteen-year-old son of James Kissick, a farmer living nine miles northeast of Mt. Vernon, Ind., was thrown from a horse, breaking his neck and causing instant death. Several hours later the father, accompanied by two neighbors of Mt. Vernon, went to purchase a coffin. They started to return after dark, and, driving rapidly, mistook Mulberry for Main street, arriving at Eleventh street and the L. & N. Railroad crossing, where there is a 15-foot curb, but no bridge. The team was driven over the embankment on to the track below, wrecking the wagon and coffin and seriously injuring both horses and the three occupants. Physicians say Kissick is fatally injured.

THE LATEST CRAZE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. Heron Allen, the young Englishman who professes to be an expert in palmistry, is drawing large houses in New York city. His first lecture was on "The Science of the Hand, or Practical Chiroscopy." Among other things, he said: "The theory of chiroscopy was that the hand, being more intimately connected with the brain than almost any other member, reflected more accurately the operations of the intellect as stamped on the character of the individual. The nervous endowment of the hand had no counterpart save in that of the lips." All the silly women in "sawdust" flock to his private seances, and he is raking in his dollars by the thousand.

A PRAYING PUGILIST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A singular scene was witnessed at Los Angeles, Cal., the other night. John L. Sullivan gave his exhibition to a crowded house, and in the midst of the set-to between the champion and Steve Taylor, a reformed pugilist named Ben Hogan, who is conducting revival meetings in that city, mounted the platform and began a speech. The pugilists suspended operations and allowed Hogan to complete his harangue after the most approved style of street exhorters, in most lurid terms. The crowd listened in silence, cheered Hogan at the close of his speech, and then Sullivan and Taylor proceeded with their bout.

A WILD GIRL IN A CAVE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Washington, Idaho, local papers published an account two months ago of the discovery of a wild girl in the mountains forty miles from there. G. N. Holbrook, of Denver, Col., read the reports and recognized the "wild girl" as his own daughter. After being mourned as dead for nine years she comes forth as from the grave and is restored to her father.

A hunter while wandering in the depths of the Salmon River mountains far from the habitations of man, saw before him a beautiful lake in the grandest, wildest, natural settings—great cedars with pendant festoons of moss and towering columns of granite. A fair girl unadorned, unclothed except by a fleecy wealth of golden hair, stood waist deep in the water. She looked with a vacant stare that betrayed a wild nature. She sprang from the water and disappeared in a black, yawning cavern. The man of the chase was no romantic. There might be such a thing as a mermaid, but he did not believe in ghosts.

He reported what he had seen and a search party, which started out, discovered the girl in a cave guarded by an aged and drunken Nez Perce Indian. The girl, fourteen years old, was found in tears seated at the furthest end of the cave in some furs. When the father arrived some days later, the girl did not recognize him and repulsed him, but finally yielded and went home with him. She was stolen from her father's house on the Salmon River by Chief Joseph's Nez Perces when she was three years old.

A DEAD ACTRESS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A mysterious affair is agitating the population of Sandusky, Ohio. The morning of Nov. 28, a young man and a girl had wandered into the woods a few miles from that place, and as they sat down upon a log the girl suddenly exclaimed that they were not alone. The young man looked where she pointed, and saw the form of an elegantly-dressed lady lying between two logs. He walked to the spot and saw that she was dead. She held a little bottle in her hand, which he took possession of, and later delivered it to the coroner. It contained chloroform. The body was brought in and a post-mortem examination held.

There was some blood oozing from the nostrils, but no other evidence of violence. She was recognized as the wife of a scene painter, and her name is Douglass. She disappeared from there two weeks ago last Thursday, but the appearance of the body indicates that she had not been dead over twenty-four hours when discovered. At the time of her disappearance her husband notified the police and said that he suspected foul play. He refused to explain his meaning. It is now learned that both the deceased and her husband belonged to the theatrical profession, and that she was at one time a star of no small magnitude and quite

popular in several cities, but that while playing a part where she had to leap from a burning house she injured her spine, and had not been able to resume her old roles.

But the mysterious part of the affair is that, though she had been gone over two weeks, inquiry in the neighborhood where she was found fails to develop where she has been in the interval between her disappearance and the finding of her body. Her husband says that she left a note saying that he would never see her again. He is now in Port Clinton and has been notified of the finding of the body. It is stated that Douglass is an assumed name, and the elegant dress and jewelry of the deceased justify the assumption that she was an actress of some note. The verdict of the coroner is withheld, and from movements of the officials it is evident that the theory of suicide is not entertained. A sponge was found some distance from the corpse. The bottle had the name of a druggist at Coldwater, Mich. It looks as if she was the victim of foul play. A farmer saw a strange woman and a man in the woods on Friday. The husband, Douglass, has been absent some days. A secret investigation is in progress.

MISS BRUNS'S ANGRY FATHER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Mary Bruns, of Valley Stream, was married in Far Rockaway on Monday week, to James P. Nicholson, an engineer on the Long Island Railroad, to whom she had been engaged for several months without the knowledge of her parents. On Tuesday Mr. Nicholson called at her father's hotel in Valley Stream and informed him and Mrs. Bruns of the marriage. It is said they ordered him out of the house. Their objection to the marriage, it is declared, is that they wanted to keep their daughter at home. She is 23 years old.

On Tuesday night a crowd of Mr. Bruns's young neighbors gave him a noisy serenade in honor of his daughter's wedding, and because he refused to treat, it is said, they tied him to his own hitching post with a rope. He would not yield, however, and they were forced to release him. He declared he would never forgive either his daughter or her husband.

MAD MADAME FURSCH-MADI.

[Subject of Illustration.]

William Candidus, the American opera tenor, describes as follows the scene which we illustrate elsewhere:

"I did not see much of it. I was singing, and Madame Fursch-Madi was singing, too, but backing up the stage. I heard a noise of chairs being turned over and locked around. Mme. Fursch-Madi collided with her table and had pushed it aside. Mr. Hock came on and reset the table in its position. He did not say a word I could hear. I kept on singing until I had finished. I heard Mme. Fursch-Madi protesting against the table and then I saw her leave the stage. Mr. Thomas saw nothing of the affair. He was directing the orchestra, with his eyes on the score, and did not know she had left the stage till her time to sing came. Then Hock told him she had gone. He was in a terrible rage. You can see how provoking it was to him. He had promised to give that opera in St. Louis and was determined to do it. The opera was sung under great difficulties."

TRANSGRESSORS IN DALLAS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

During the past few weeks the Sunday law has been disregarded by nearly all the saloons of Dallas, Texas, to the extent of "selling on the sly" the doors of the establishments being kept closed, windows partially darkened, and the large number of patrons of the bars keeping very quiet. Recently, for some reason best known to themselves, probably through a friendly pointer given out, all saloon men closed their places except one, who did a land-office business through a novel device by which he expects to evade the law. The bar was entirely covered from view by a heavy cloth, portions of which lapped over. Between the lappings customers inserted their hands with money, which was slipped into the palm of an unseen and unknown person behind the screen cloth, and in return well-filled flasks or bottles of whatever beverage was desired were slipped into the outstretched hands.

FIT FOR JUDGE LYNCH.

George W. Corwin, aged about thirty, was arrested in Middletown, N. Y., the morning of Dec. 4, charged with beating in a horrible manner Jacob Richner, aged seventy-eight, and outraging Richner's daughter, aged fourteen. The alleged assaults were committed near Campbell hall on Wednesday night. The Richners were alone in a farm house at the time. The old man is said to have been beaten on the head with a large rasp. Richner is in a precarious condition and may not recover. Corwin had been drinking.

A PRIZE.

Another lottery wave passed over New Orleans last Tuesday, and in its course struck Mr. Adolph L. Beltran, son of our well-known fellow citizen, R. Beltran, Esq., commissionaire on Canal street.

The blow was a severe one, and it struck Adolph so unexpectedly that he has not entirely recovered his senses, though in possession of more cents than he ever had in the course of his checkered career.

On Wednesday, with a dollarous expression in his eye, he visited the office of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and inquired for the root doctor. This singular inquiry excited the curiosity of the office, and he was invited to a seat in the left-hand ward.

His pulse being felt, an extraordinary contraction of the muscles of the digits of his right hand was discerned. On reducing the same, a lottery ticket was revealed, bearing the number 94,552. A quick diagnosis of his case was made. The lottery wave had given him, in the drawing of Nov. 9, for a one dollar investment, the sum of fifteen thousand dollars.

"The root of all evil," in the form of very hard cash was at once administered, and Mr. Beltran's singular inquiry was explained.

In a pleasant chat with the writer, the fortunate holder (who is apparently 21 years of age) stated that he is a native of New Orleans, and is now working in the laboratory of the Planters' Sugar Refinery, learning the business under Mr. John Reynolds, and that the sudden accumulation of wealth will in no way affect his resolution to master his adopted profession. *New Orleans (La.) Playmate, Nov. 13.*

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Mike Lynch is one of the most elegant cocktail artists in the metropolis. He at present acts as chief of his brother's establishment on Nassau street, and is well known among statesmen and merchants of this city. Mike hails from Watertown, N. Y., where he is considered the handsomest man in the county.

Remly S. Sidelinger.

Mr. Sidelinger is the able president of the Barbers' Union of Boston, who has made such an active fight against the keeping open of the shops on Sunday. This prince of the razor is also the editor of the Boston Knight which he conducts with much ability and energy.

Myrtle Peek.

Miss Myrtle Peek, who is a blonde, was born in a small town called Menden, Michigan, in Nov., 1867. Even when a little girl she always had a great liking for a horse and commenced riding in public at the age of 14, and since then has ridden on all the prominent trotting tracks throughout the country. She has ridden against all the public lady equestriennes and has defeated all of them. She will drive the great running team the coming season formerly owned by Johnny Murphy, Ghost and Debarry, on trotting tracks for purses against all rivals. She will be managed by Barney H. Demarest, who will match her against any lady living to ride one hundred miles.

Louis E. Cooke.

Louis E. Cooke, Adam Forepaugh's confidential agent and business manager, whose successful diplomacy completely beat Barnum out of the Madison Square Garden, is just now a prominent character in amusement circles. Mr. Cooke has had years of experience as an agent, manager and advertiser, and though of a quiet and retiring nature, he is a tireless worker and the inventor of many novel schemes. He has traveled extensively, and accompanied W. W. Cole on his tour of Australia and New Zealand. There is probably no agent in the business who enjoys a better or more general acquaintance among literary men than Mr. Cooke, and as he graduated from a newspaper office his popularity among men of letters is not to be wondered at.

T. J. Cluervius.

As the day approaches for the hanging of T. J. Cluervius for the murder of Fanny Lillian Madison, at Richmond, Va., public interest in the case increases. The prisoner's counsel has called on Gov. Lee and presented to him the petitions both for pardon and for commutation of the sentence to life imprisonment which had been freely circulated through the State, and received a great many signatures. There is much speculation as to the action of the Governor, but he has given expression to nothing that would indicate what he will do. It is generally believed, however, that even if he refuses to interfere with the execution of the sentence on the prisoner, he will at least respite him for a time. Rumors are in circulation that Cluervius has made a statement giving an account of his whereabouts on the night of the 13th of March, 1884, the night of the murder of Miss Madison, but they cannot be traced to any reliable source. He will doubtless do so, but it is not expected that it will be made public before it goes into the hands of the Governor.

Robert Wright.

The subject of this sketch, Robert Wright, was born in Scotland, and like all the sturdy people of that country has inherited a love for vigorous athletic sports. At sixteen years of age, having decided to enter the pugilistic ranks, he challenged Jim Kelly, a native boxer of Birkenhead, Eng., to meet him in the ring in a fight to a finish. A valuable silver cup and a good money stake were the prizes contended for. The battle was very gamely fought by both, and at the end of 1 hour and 20 minutes it was decided a draw. It was generally conceded by all who witnessed the fight that Wright displayed the greatest science and the most determination, and had it not been for his lack of experience would have won. The plucky disposition evinced by Wright won him a host of friends and admirers. One year later he fought Bill Williams at Lockenbie, Scotland. This battle more than justified the good opinions that had been formed of Wright by patrons of pugilism. It was a hurricane scrap from start to finish, and in seven minutes Wright proved the victor. He then determined to come to America, and on his arrival he placed himself under theistic tutelage of Prof. Wm. McClellan. He has fought several battles in private, and proved himself a veritable wonder. At present Wright stands ready to meet any one of his size and weight for a reasonable stake. A challenge sent to John Finlayson at 19 Ann street will receive prompt attention.



MISS MYRTIE PEEK,
THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION LADY EQUESTRIENNE.



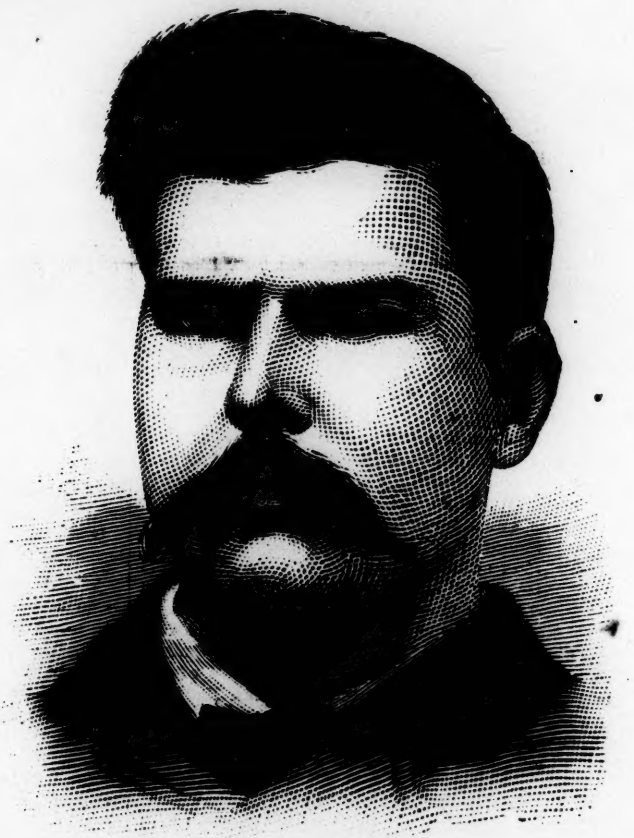
LOUIS E. COOKE,
ADAM FOREPAUGH'S BRILLIANT CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.



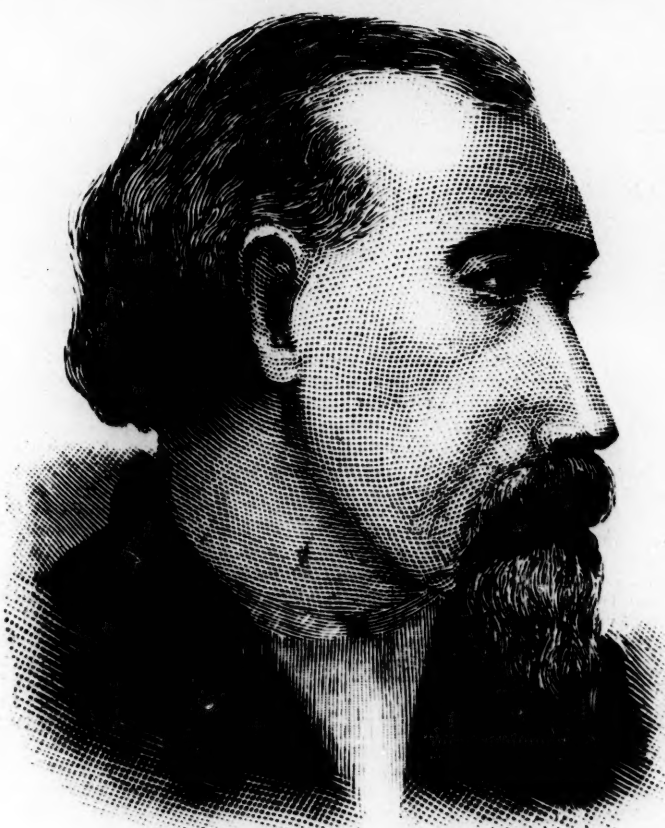
MISS LENA WILLIKINS,
WHO MRS. SIEGEL ALLEGES WAS IN THE CONSPIRACY WITH
HER MOTHER, ST. LOUIS, MO.



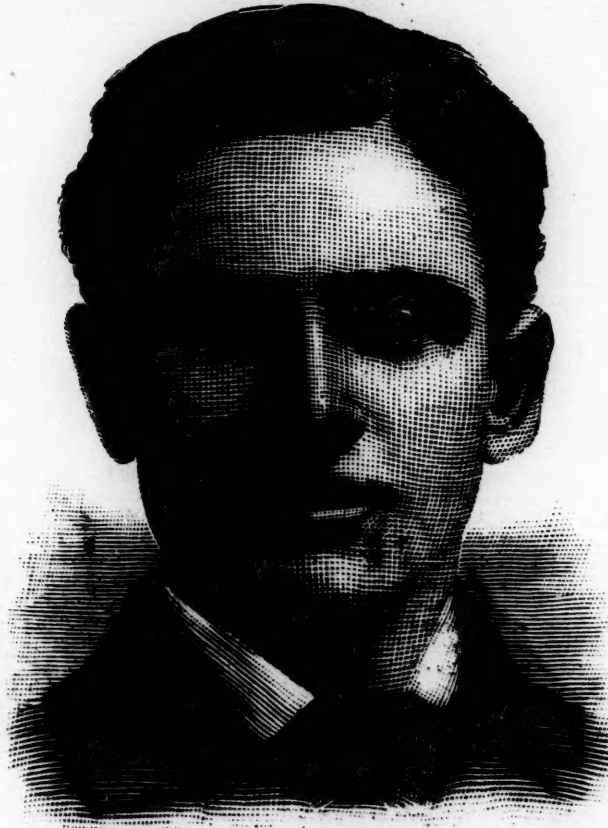
MRS. JOHANNA WILLIKINS,
CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY AND FRAUD ON HER LODGE SISTER
MRS. SIEGEL.



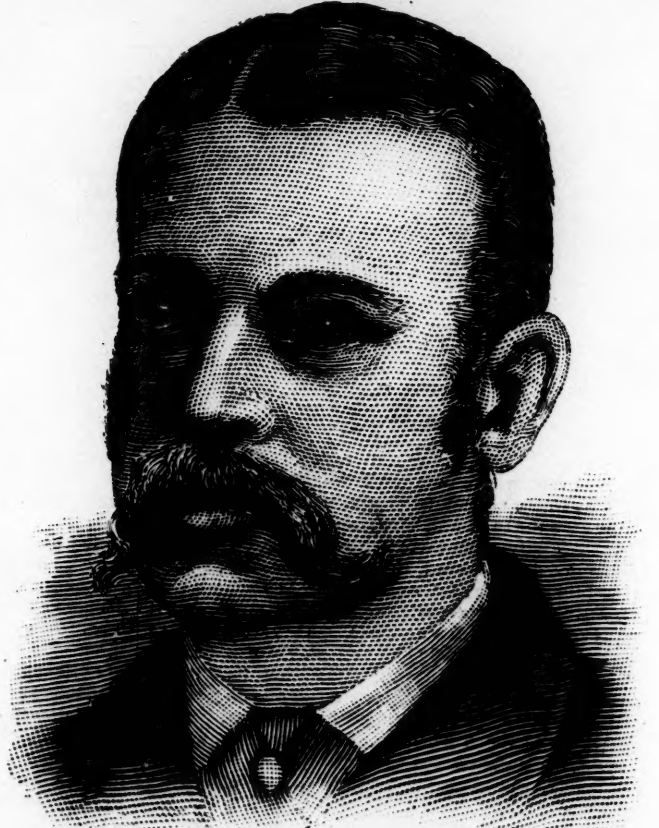
REMLY S. SIDELINGER,
THE PRESIDENT OF THE BARBERS' UNION, AND EDITOR OF THE
"BOSTON KNIGHT," BOSTON, MASS.



FRANK KERNNER,
WHO HAS CONFESSED TO THE TERRIBLE KILLING OF HIS WIFE,
AT READING, PA.



T. J. CLUVERIUS,
THE SLAYER OF FANNY LILLIAN MADISON, TO BE HANGED AT
RICHMOND, VA.

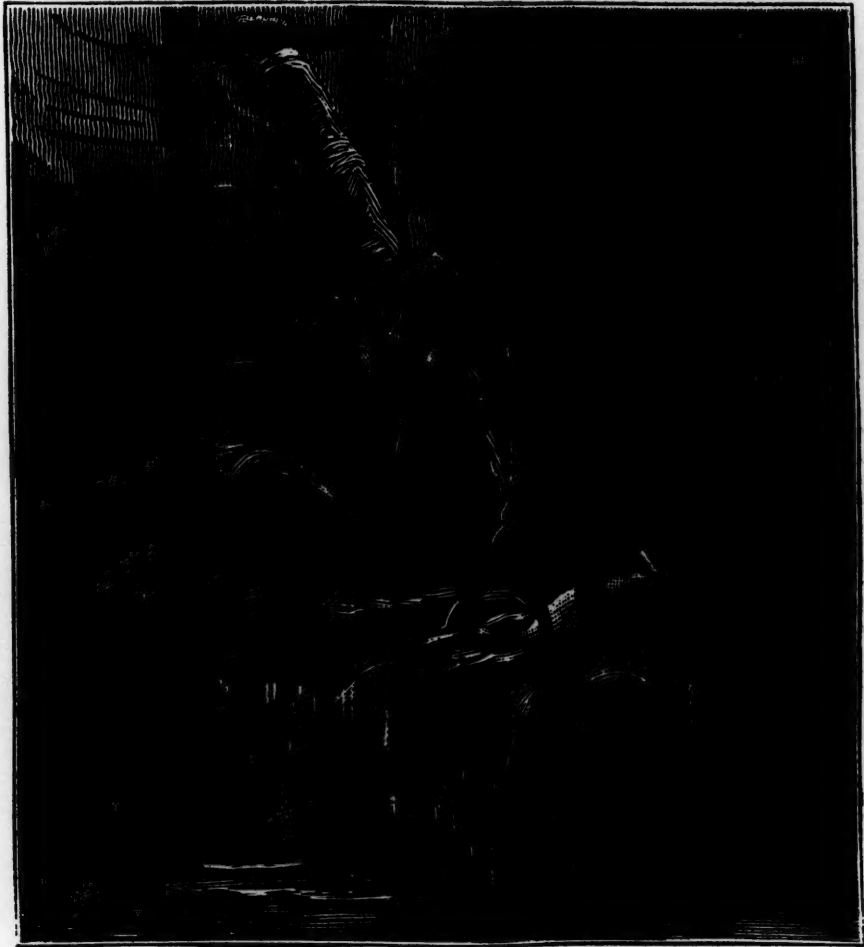


PROF. DE LEON,
WHO IS ACCUSED OF SENDING AMERICAN GIRLS TO THE HELL-
HOLES OF PANAMA.



SERVED HER RIGHT.

AN INDIGNANT MEMPHIS FATHER RESCUES HIS CHILD FROM A LIFE OF SHAME AT VICKSBURG, MISS.



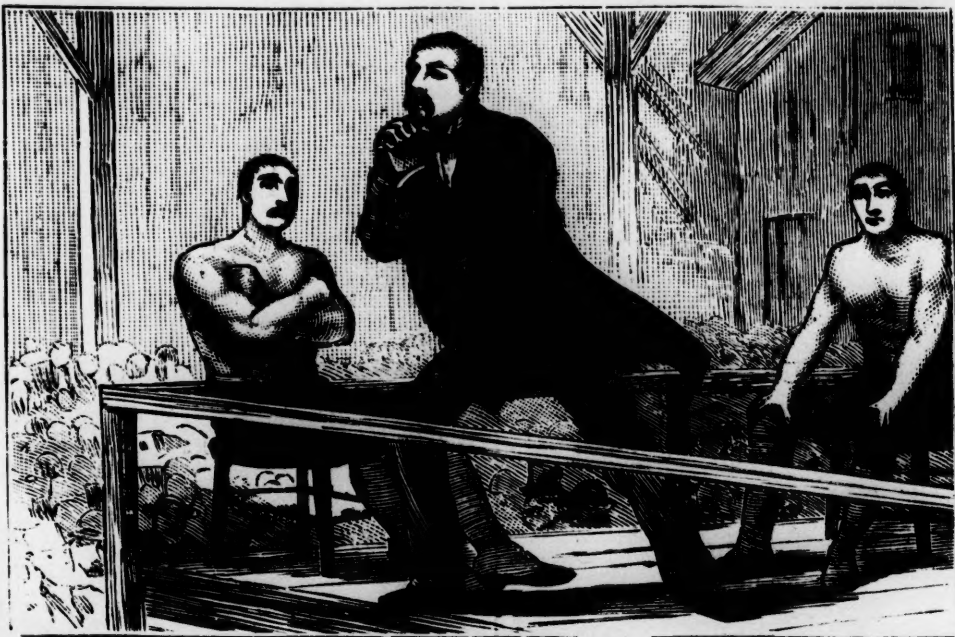
HE MEANT BUSINESS.

WILLIAM MAYER, A WEALTHY HAY MERCHANT, DROWNS HIMSELF IN A WELL AT CORFU, N. Y.



BEER FOR THE BRAVE.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME AT DAYTON, OHIO, IS BADLY DEMORALIZED BY THE THANKSGIVING PRESENT OF A GENEROUS BREWERY.



PUGILISTIC PRAYERS.

BROTHER BEN HOGAN, A CONVERTED PRIZE FIGHTER, OPENS THE SULLIVAN-TAYLOR MATCH WITH SUPPLICATION AT SAN FRANCISCO.



MRS. MCCARTHY'S WHIP.

IT PLAYS THE DICKENS IN BROOKLYN WITH THE FEATURES OF THE LADY HER HUSBAND TOOK OUT RIDING.



TO SAVE THEIR LIVES.

HEROIC ENGINEER DROHAN ON THE CINCINNATI SOUTHERN R. R., THROWS HIS CHILDREN OUT OF THE CAB WINDOW AND PERISHES HIMSELF.



THE FAMILY LUCK.

JAMES KISSICK OF MT. VERNON, IND., BRINGING HOME A COFFIN FOR HIS DEAD SON, FATALLY INJURES HIMSELF.

FRUGAL FERRY

The Extraordinary Married Life
of a Millionaire's Beautiful
Daughter.

MARRYING A MISER.

The Almost Incredible Meanness Al-
leged Against a Wealthy Chicago
Man By His Long-Suffering
Wife.

Farwell Ferry, a daughter of John V. Farwell, the \$20,000,000 dry-goods prince of Chicago, who is also noted for his piety, has sued her husband, William H. Ferry, a well-known merchant, also of Chicago, for divorce. The couple were married in Lake Forest, Ill., on Oct. 12, 1875, and lived together until 1885. He was thirty-five and she twenty-one. The fruits of the union were five children. Their names are John Farwell Ferry, Frank Ferry, Willie Ferry, Montague Ferry and Horace Ferry, the last-named being under three years of age. The complaint says all the time they lived together he was guilty of extreme and repeated cruelty of such an inhuman nature as to render it unsafe to reside with him. She further alleges that Ferry is a man of extraordinarily selfish propensities, of an almost insane passion for money, exacting, fault-finding and coarse and unrefined in his nature, which has made her life miserable and injured her



Wheeling papa to put up.

both bodily and mentally. She further says her father John V. Farwell, is known to be a man of great wealth, that the defendant had a father at the time of the marriage (now dead) who was also well-to-do, and the defendant himself was worth \$10,000 in his own right.

The couple went to Europe on a bridal tour, returning in May, 1876. Immediately after leaving New York, she says, the bridegroom began to find fault, because her father had not endowed them with a large amount of money. During the first few months after the marriage she says the main burden of the wife's offense in the husband's eyes was her failure to procure from her father the desired fortune, and he said she had not placed him on a pleasant footing with the father to receive a fortune. In the spring of 1876, while the couple were in the city of Cassel, defendant bitterly lamented his lot because his wife was with child, saying he was a poor man, expected a family and had nothing with which to care for it. The wife was greatly moved and promised to make every amend in her power by rigid economy, which resolution, she says, she thereafter adhered to, but all to no purpose. After their return they boarded awhile and then went to housekeeping in a cottage known as Harvey Cottage, in Lake Forest, and the defendant never ceased to annoy her by impressing on her mind a sense of her father's unkindness. He declared he



Roughly repulsed.

was dragged down by reason of being her husband and repeatedly urged her to go to her father and make some request in his behalf. The defendant, she says, frequently told her he married her simply to get her out of a disagreeable place and out of pity for her, and bitterly accused her of doing nothing for him. In the meantime Mr. Farwell, she states, made several business propositions to Mr. Ferry, but each proposition made him more jealous and more furious than ever. He continued to charge that she was grossly guilty of some great sin of omission, that she was a great hindrance to his life and that she had refused to re-

move her father's prejudices. In order to please her husband, Mrs. Ferry says, she coaxed her father into building them a house, but Ferry complained a house would not do him any good, and the house itself became a burden of woe and distress to complainant. He would abuse her with coarse words, and when she would protest she loved him and would proffer him a kiss he would coarsely and roughly push her away. She says she became almost crazed by his conduct. At last, the wife says, she went to her father and asked him if something could not be done to better the condition of her husband, and when she reported her interview to her husband he replied, in violent anger: "You fool, keep your mouth shut as you spoil everything!"

She says Mr. Ferry continued to declare that he was killing himself by working and that she was to blame. To conciliate defendant she suggested, the bill recites, that perhaps she could induce her father to settle on her \$100,000. Immediately and during the next few



Finding food in a spider web.

moments defendant's voice softened and his words were bland. He said he owed his mother \$40,000 and his sister Nellie \$20,000, "and of course it would be dishonorable not to pay those debts." The wife expressed doubts about the propriety of this from her father's money, "when suddenly the softness of the voice of the defendant was changed to wrath. He declared he was a fool to have told complainant what he did." Complainant burst into weeping when defendant angrily exclaimed: "Shut up and go out of my room: you are a fool." At another time she charged him with being "improperly attentive to a certain young lady," when defendant exclaimed that complainant had not tried to win her father over to his assistance; that she was no sort of a wife, and that therefore he had sought elsewhere for sympathy and had found it. Continuing, the bill says, "And complainant avers that afterwards, when the body of her dead child Willie was on its way to the vault and the casket containing it was in the carriage beside complainant and defendant, defendant remarked to complainant, that since, by the death of little Willie, complainant's father had been softened and felt great sympathy towards complainant, it would be a good time for complainant to go to her father with defendant's troubles."

After the death of Mr. Ferry's father in 1880 he fell heir to an estate worth \$80,000, but he was penurious and mean, refused her decent provision for her support, compelled her to perform menial duties and drudgery almost unheard of among people in good circumstances; that the husband measured every pleasure by its cost in cents, and denied his family all the comforts which even the poor enjoy. On the husband's first birthday after the marriage she presented him with a \$40 present, purchased with money procured from Mr. Farwell. She says:

"He looked coldly at the present, and exclaimed: 'I would rather you had given me the money.'"

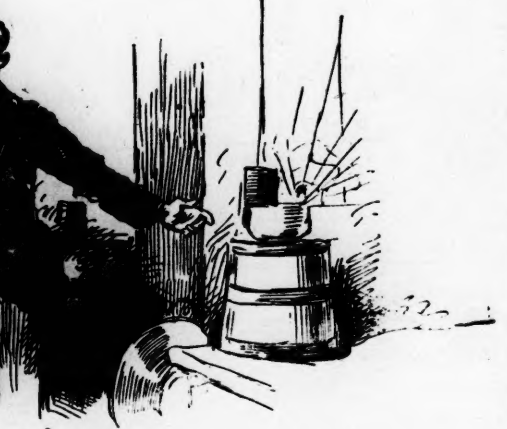
After the first child was born she had to depend on

pipes full. She alleges that he had the reputation among the neighbors of starving the servants. The complainant says she went without a new hat for seven years, and with her own hands mended old carpets to cover the floors of the Harvey Cottage. She had no clothes but old dresses made over. Once Mrs. Ferry's servant borrowed a spoonful of tea, but the husband was told it was a half-pound bag, and he exclaimed:

"I will get a divorce; I vow I will. Your wastefulness is absolutely wicked."

Once he took her to the cellar, and, pointing out to a pool of water in one corner, cried out: "Look at that, that is the reason I hate you."

He improvised a set of rules for Mrs. Ferry. They were: Rule One—She should not allow two servants to go out together. Two—Servants must never use a kerosene lamp. Three—She should make cook empty ashes every morning. Four—She must see that the furnace fire was poked out underneath. Five—She



Finding food in a spider web.

must make cook use dripping instead of lard; butter must never be thought of; lard was a luxury. Six—She must not buy yeast, but have the cook make it. Seven—Never use eggs in cooking. Eight—She must use ashes in cleaning tins. Nine—Bones left at the table must be used for soup. Ten—She must not allow the servants out after 10 P. M. Eleven—She must watch that the neighbors' maids did not smuggle sugar out of the house. Twelve—Feather dusters or carpet sweepers must not be used. Thirteen—The housemaid must wash the windows every day if she had nothing else to do. Fourteen—Biting or white sugar must not be used. Fifteen—Molasses should be used instead of brown sugar. Sixteen—Mrs. Ferry should always correct servants by admonishing them over some other person's shoulder, as the saying is. Seventeen—She must never mention her husband's name in putting the rules into execution.

The bill recites all the incidents of the unhappy couple's life at great length. Among other things she says: "Upon one occasion the defendant jammed a pillow over the head and face of this complainant and attempted with violence to smother and strangle her. She resisted and when the husband arose he said: 'I am Othello and you are Desdemona, only I am not dark enough for Othello and you are not fair enough for Desdemona.'"

The bill describes at considerable length the sufferings of the servants from their unjust treatment, and their many rebellions against it, and goes on to say that the complainant, by attempting to administer his code of rules and discipline, acquired the reputation of being the meanest woman in Lake Forest. Ferry not only insulted and abused his wife himself, but he would sometimes employ servants of his own choosing and give them special instructions to disobey and insult her. In November, 1878, they moved from the Harvey Cottage into the house built for them by complainant's father. Five days afterwards her child Frank was born. Just previous to his birth complain-



He plays Othello to her Desdemona.

her father to pay the nurse. Referring to their first attempt at housekeeping, she recites:

"Ten minutes after they first entered the house defendant rushed excitedly to complainant and bitterly railed at her because he had discovered a jar of the butter exposed in the shed to dust and spiders, all of which, of course, was unknown to complainant."

At their first supper in the house Mrs. Ferry kissed her husband and said, cheerfully:

"What a nice supper we have!"

Defendant growled: "We can't have oysters every night. Mary brought these down: your folks sent nothing."

From that day, Mrs. Ferry says, he never ceased to upbraid her for some imagined expense or waste in housekeeping. She saved \$300 by making the children's clothes, but the husband complained because she did not look after the kitchen, because he found swill in the coal hods, ashes in the stove and waste

ant had two servants, a cook and a nurse girl. Defendant quarrelled with the cook, called her vile names, and she left and complainant was confined with no one in the house but the nurse girl of thirteen years. Complainant sent the girl for a physician and she was thus left alone, but when the defendant returned to the house he growled and grumbled and complained of his sufferings and seemed to think he had to bear them all. All through her confinement for her last child Mrs. Ferry charges that her husband used her with great harshness and gross neglect, and gives some harrowing illustrations of the charge. Then the bill goes on to say: "And complainant shows that she greatly loved defendant at the time of their marriage, but such was his cruel and inhuman conduct towards her and so coarse and gross and indecent were his actions that complainant was shocked, disgusted and heart-broken and could not well tolerate the coarse and animal demonstrations of the defendant's false

and spasmodic affection. Mrs. Ferry charges that the defendant made false and inhuman charges against her regarding her treatment of the children and was



Keeping sugar from the servants.

even worse, if possible, in this respect than regarding the housekeeping."

A Fight With a Convict.

A convict in the Western penitentiary at Pittsburg, Pa., narrowly escaped becoming a murderer a second time. His name is Gordon, under a sentence for ten years for killing his wife in Johnstown, and he is serving his third term in the penitentiary. He has been employed in the mat department since his admittance, and at 4:30 o'clock the afternoon of Dec. 3 was instructed by William Gerst, a keeper, to do certain work. He went at it with bad grace, and, having finished his work, in which he used a knife, walked up behind Gerst and attacked him savagely. He stabbed the keeper in the breast and left arm, and cut him on the head in the fierce struggle which ensued. The room was full of convicts, and it was an excellent chance for a revolt, but the men kept good order and refrained from aiding their fellow-prisoner. Other guards in the room evidently aided in this result. After the first lunge of the knife by Gordon Gerst closed with him, and a hand-to-hand struggle ensued. Gerst finally mastered and disarmed the desperate man, and placed him in the dungeon. His wounds are painful but not dangerous. Gordon is a desperate man, and good care will be taken that he will not have an opportunity to use a knife again.

Archer in the Saddle.

"The most peculiar thing I ever noticed about Jockey Fred Archer," said an old English sport the other day, "was the deliberation with which he settled himself in his saddle. It rarely took him less than five minutes to get his position, but when he did get settled there wasn't a horse on the continent that could shift him. Archer had peculiar legs. They were abnormally long from the knee to the ankle, and wonderfully elastic. These legs stood Archer in good stead in a hard race. With his knees pressed dead against the pannels of his saddle he could remove his feet from the stirrups, and curling that portion of his legs below the knee high up on the flanks of his nag, rake the flesh with his heels. Archer was the only jockey in the world who could perform this feat. It was seldom that he chose to do it, but when he did you could rest assured that the race was for blood. The dead jockey won many a hard fought battle in this manner. I have seen his feet suddenly leave the stirrups when he was being hard pressed near the judge's stand, and then watched his horse spring to the front as the glittering steel on the wiry legs of his rider sank deep into the flesh. No, sir; Archer didn't seem to have a bow in his legs from the knee down. They were as supple as willow twigs."

Murderer Captured.

Jim Cummings, the man who shot and fatally wounded Policeman Kyser at Parsons, Kan., the other night, was captured at Altamont the morning of Dec. 3. He was seen entering the town early in the morning with a muffled tied over his head, he having lost his hat in his efforts to get away from Parsons the night before. Dick Kyser, a brother of the policeman, was the first to see him, and having been notified by wire of the shooting and given a description of him, recognized him at once, and notified the marshal of Altamont, who, together with several men, effected his capture a short distance from town, he having hurried away, only taking time to buy a hat. When the posse approached him he drew a revolver and warned all to keep at a safe distance, but there being too many for him to cover with his pistol an advan-



The disgusted cook.

tage was gained over him, and he was compelled to surrender. The authorities at Parsons were notified, and went there as soon as possible after him, but the sheriff, having had notice, got there and took Cummings to Oswego before the Parsons authorities arrived. When captured he had two pistols on his person and a large sum of money.

FOUL LINEN.

More of it Washed in the London Divorce Court By the Lord Colin Campbell Household.

MONSTROUS DEPRAVITY.

The Loathsome Accusations Banded Openly Between Husband and Wife.

[Subject of Illustration.]

When we went to press last week Mary Watson had finished her testimony for the defence. She said the Duke of Marlborough frequently visited Lady Colin Campbell. He usually came in the afternoon, and was shown to the drawing-room. Witness never saw any familiarity between Lord Colin Campbell and Mary Watson. In June, 1882, Lady Colin, who was at the time in the company of Lady Miles, called witness. Lady Miles told witness she had blackened her mistress's character and must leave, and that if she did not go at once the police would be called to put her out. Lady Colin gave her £10, four only being due as wages, and told witness to tell the servants in explanation of her departure that her father was ill and she was going home. Lady Colin added, witness said, that she considered witness a sister, and not a servant, and kissed her good by, saying it was Lord Colin Campbell who had dismissed her. Witness had posted letters daily to the Duke of Marlborough. Sometimes took them to his house. Lady Colin used to leave the house at 8 o'clock in the evening and return as late as 3 o'clock on the following morning. On some of these occasions witness would accompany her mistress a short distance from the house, and there be told to return. On these expeditions Lady Colin usually carried along a felt hat concealed under her cloak. Sometimes in undressing Lady Colin, after her return from these absences, witness found her dress partially disarranged. Once witness found a gentleman's handkerchief in Lady Colin's room at Leigh Court. Plaintiff said she knew to whom it belonged, and took it. Once witness heard somebody alter midnight ascending the stairs. Lady Colin coughed. The person then entered the door of the room adjoining plaintiff's; the door of the room was shut, and witness was dismissed. Next day witness found evidence that the room had been occupied by two persons. Once witness heard the Duke of Marlborough in Lady Colin's room during the afternoon. On one occasion, while witness was brushing Lady Colin's hair after midnight, somebody, on the outside of the room tried the door, and, finding it locked, departed. Witness saw Chief Shaw walking outside the house with a carriage in waiting. The carriage went away, and Chief Shaw entered the house. Witness often mailed letters to Chief Shaw from Lady Colin.

The cross-examination of Miss Baer was continued at great length. Being asked to confirm her last statement that the Duke of Marlborough and Lady Colin sat together like a pair of lovers on a seat in the Paddington railway station, witness simply said she was sure there was a seat on the platform. Being referred to her statement to the man servant O'Neill that Lady Colin passed every night at Leigh Court with the Duke of Marlborough, witness denied that she had ever told O'Neill any such thing. She had simply told him, "She thought so." Replying to an interrogatory by the judge, witness said she believed that the Duke of Marlborough and the plaintiff were together nightly, when their bedrooms adjoined at Leigh Court during the Easter season of 1882, but witness had no reason to believe that they were together at other times. The judge asked why she had told the man servant O'Neill that they were together at night while at Leigh Court during the Christmas holidays of 1882, and witness answered, "That cannot be so." This contradiction caused a sensation.

Miss Baer came in after recess, complaining of faintness. Resuming her place, she said Lady Colin Campbell possessed a peculiar door key. It had a tongue on both ends, and witness imagined that one end was for the lock on her own house door and the other for that of the Duke of Marlborough's residence. Witness said Lady Colin used preventive medicines and got sick every time she used them, but witness did not infer from this that her mistress was habitually doing wrong. Once, while brushing Lady Colin's hair in her room at Leigh Court, some one tried the door of the room and then went away. When all were leaving Leigh Court, the artist, Fitz Henry, witness said, spoke to her, saying that Lady Colin had not taken notice of him as she had of so many other gentlemen, but he should be able to make up for lost time, as he was going to Paris with her. When he said this, Mr. Fitz Henry had a bouquet for Lady Colin. Witness denied having sent a letter to Lady Colin menacing her with exposure.

Here an adjournment was taken. The prominent people in the case all came in the next morning a little after 10. Later in the forenoon Capt. Shaw, Chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, a man of fifty, with a light moustache and goatee, a florid complexion and thin light hair, turning gray, parted directly in the middle, arrived, and after speaking pleasantly to Lady Colin, took a seat almost directly in front of her. In the afternoon he sat between Mr. and Mrs. Blood. He took lunch with them and Lady Colin, and seemed to be on the most cordial terms with them. The Duke of Marlborough was present all day, but had a seat in the rear of the room, being almost directly under the gallery. He wore two rings on each hand, carried a cheap stick and was dressed in a dark cutaway coat, trousers with a strong tinge of red, and patent-leather shoes with light tops. He was very nervous all day, continually opening and closing a small silver toothpick case, or playing absent-mindedly with his penknife. He took a deep interest in the proceedings, and was as serious as if he had been at a funeral. The net was gathered about him with a grip that is hardly to be loosened, and he evidently felt the gravity of the situation. Two witnesses, the Hon. Robert Frederick Villiers and Mr. Mark Pleydell Bouverie, the latter a well-to-do looking merchant, were put in the witness box to prove that Lord Blandford and Lady Colin Campbell were seen at the Purfleet station in August, 1882. Both swore they saw Lord Blandford, and Mr. Bouverie swore that he also saw and recognized Lady Colin on the Saturday before and on the Monday following. Cornelius Collingham, a young fellow who spoke so rapidly and indistinctly that he could hardly be understood, was then called to prove that Lord Blandford and Lady Colin had on that occasion staid together at the Royal Hotel, Purfleet. The witness was in the habit of going there to serve as waiter from Saturday till Monday. On the Saturday, the 12th, there was an entertainment going on.

Mr. Justice Butt: "What entertainment was it?"

"A volunteer cold meat tea. There were about thirty volunteers present. It took place about 5, and I waited on the volunteers."

Mr. Finlay: "Did you subsequently attend on two visitors in a private room?"

"I did."

"How long did the lady and gentleman remain there?"

"From Saturday to Monday."

Mr. Finlay then asked Collingham if the lady was in court.

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"There!" said he, pointing directly at Lady Colin, who looked steadily at him without apparently moving a muscle of her face. This made a sensation.

"Is the gentleman in court also?"

"Every eye was turned on the Duke. It looked as though Collingham would not find him."

"Look about the court," said the judge; and just then the young man's eye, which was evidently an honest one, fell upon the little, yellow-faced Duke, whereupon he exclaimed: "That's the gentleman, ain't it?"

Mr. Justice Butt, addressing Mr. Finlay, said: "I suppose that is the Duke of Marlborough?"

The witness—That's the Duke.

The Duke of Marlborough was thereupon requested to stand up.

Mr. Justice Butt—Is that the gentleman you saw at Purfleet with a lady in the room?

The witness—Yes, sir.

During this somewhat dramatic and exciting episode both Lady Colin and Lady Miles failed to join in the general disposition to turn about and look at the Duke, who reentered himself in some confusion. Collingham then stated that the couple he had served at the hotel had attracted his attention because they had a private sitting room; because they seemed to be very high-class people; and because they gave him liberal tips. He underwent a long and close cross-examination at the hands of Sir Charles Russell without making a single break.

The next witness was Albert Deroche, who was an indoor servant at Lord and Lady Colin's from December, 1881, to March, 1882. He declared that he had instructions from Lady Colin to never announce the name of Lord Blandford or Capt. Shaw in the presence of Lord Colin. On one occasion he found Lord Blandford and Lady Colin sitting together in the drawing-room. "Her ladyship got up in a flurried state," he continued, "and coming towards me, said: 'What is it, Deroche?' I then apologized to her ladyship for interrupting her."

"Did you see where she was sitting?"

"On the settee, where the Marquis of Blandford was."

"Did you notice how they were sitting?"

"His lordship had his arm in a position near her waist, but I cannot swear that his arms were round her waist."

"Did you notice anything else about her ladyship?"

"She was in an exceedingly flurried state."

Deroche was severely cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, who finally grew tired, and turned him back to Mr. Finlay, without having accomplished anything of material consequence. The witness added that he had come to give evidence with great regret, for Lady Colin had been very kind to him. She had come to pay his rent when he was destitute, and he had no reason for wishing to do her an injury—quite the reverse.

The next witness was a young Irishman of the name of O'Neill. During the course of a long examination he entirely corroborated what Deroche and Rose Baer had said about Lord Blandford's visits to Lady Colin and her letters to him. He also told the following story about a conversation which he had with Lady Colin on her return from Leigh Court in June, 1882: "There had been a fuss in the house and she asked me about it, and further whether Rose Baer had been saying anything to Lord Colin. I said that I thought so, and further that she had made a statement to me that her ladyship had been sleeping with the Marquis of Blandford on the occasion of the last visit to Leigh Court."

"What did her ladyship reply?"

"Her ladyship turned round and said it was a damned lie." He next testified with great minuteness a visit which Capt. Shaw paid to Lady Colin. "They went together into the dining-room. I shut the door and was about to go downstairs when Lady Colin beckoned to me and told me that if his lordship asked for her I was to say she had gone out. She then went into the room and shut the door. I went down stairs, but hearing a noise in the dining-room, and in consequence of a remark made by the cook, I went upstairs to the dining-room door and looked through the keyhole." The witness thereupon proceeded to give for the first time positive evidence of Lady Colin's misconduct. It is needless to say there was a great sensation in the court-room. Capt. Shaw sat upright listening intently and perfectly motionless. Old Mr. Blood shook his head. Lady Miles turned and spoke to Lady Colin, who shook her head once or twice in a half indignant way.

O'Neill, the man servant, on cross-examination repeated his declaration that, looking through a keyhole in the dining-room door, he saw Lady Colin and Chief Shaw in a compromising position. Lord Colin Campbell, the witness said, was in the drawing-room while Chief Shaw and the plaintiff were in the dining-room. When asked if he did not know that there were flaps over the keyholes in the dining-room door, the witness said he did not.

Elizabeth Evans, a housemaid for Lady Miles, testified that during the Easter holidays, in 1882, Lady

Colin Campbell occupied bedroom No. 38 at Leigh Court and the Duke of Marlborough occupied No. 37. The witness saw Lady Colin once, while in the central hall of Leigh Court, take off one of her slippers and throw it at the Duke. Both went to Leigh Court on the same day and they left on the same day. While Lady Colin was at Leigh Court she appeared to be robust, and went out on long walks in all kinds of weather, in snow, rain, or mud, with Dr. Bird. It was only after her return to London that she appeared ill. The witness remembered that one day in April, 1883, Gen. Butler was in the drawing-room with Lady Colin when some one called. Lady Colin came out and said she was not at home. Her hair at the time was disarranged and her face was flushed. When Lord Colin came home Lady Colin went to her bedroom, and Gen. Butler came down stairs and let himself out of the house. Soon afterward Lady Colin came down and began to sing and play. Lord Colin called her and she went to his room and said she didn't know he was home, and asked him why he had not come into the drawing-room. He replied:

"Because you had a visitor there." Lady Colin answered:

"Only the old soldier. He has known me since I was a child."

Anne Duffy, Lord Colin Campbell's nurse, testified that she was engaged in 1882 to attend the defendant. Lady Colin gave him, the witness said, but little attention. Her visits were scarcely ever longer than five minutes, and she never read to him. Once witness saw Dr. Bird sitting on a stool at Lady Colin's feet. Dr. Bird met Lady Colin at the Leigh Court station.

The witness once saw a letter in Lady Colin's handwriting fall out of Dr. Bird's case of instruments. Lady Colin became ill in April. Her ailment was unusual. Dr. Bird, conversing with the witness ten days afterward, said:

"Don't talk about Lady Colin's illness. Just say Lady Colin has a cold."

The witness, basing her observation on seventeen years' experience as a nurse, believed that Lady Colin's illness at this time was the result of miscarriage. Dr. Bird died in the house and remained in Lady Colin's bedroom until 11 o'clock. Lord Colin said:

"Isn't it rather late, Doctor? Is Lady Colin so ill that you have to remain, although she has a nurse here?"

Dr. Bird answered:

"I fell asleep and forgot the time."

After this illness Lady Colin wore a half-hoop emerald ring, and when she went into her husband's room she used always to turn the stones of the ring around from the top to the lower side of the finger. The witness being asked why, being Lord Colin's nurse, she did not inform him of what she saw, said she refrained from doing so because she felt certain that ultimately he would find it all out. Lady Colin's illness the witness continued, commenced on April 14, and by the 17th the witness had concluded that her ladyship had suffered a miscarriage.

Amy Wright, a hospital nurse, testified that she was in attendance upon Lord Colin Campbell at the time of his marriage. She accompanied his lordship and Lady Colin to Scotland. From what she saw witness believed that Lady Colin Campbell, at the time of her marriage and for some time before it, was suffering from disease, and that she did not warn Lord Colin Campbell against the probable results of the consummation of a marriage with a woman in her condition. The witness was not Lord Colin's medical adviser. She had had fourteen years' experience in hospitals.

Davis, the detective, next testified to "shadowing" Lady Colin Campbell and the Duke of Marlborough in Paris. He said he was uncertain whether the tall gentlemen he had seen walking with the plaintiff was Mr. Stewart, an American millionaire, or not. The Duke of Marlborough stayed at the Hotel Wagram. The witness never saw Lady Colin there. Several spies were keeping trace of Lady Colin at the same time. On one occasion a sham letter was addressed to her and delivered in a crumpled condition, so as to look as though it had been picked up in the street. The witness handed the letter to Lady Colin, in order to get a close look at her in her room, that he might know her face and figure while engaged in the task of following her. The ruse succeeded, but the witness learned nothing in the interview.

Annie Brown, a servant, deposed to a visit made by Gen. Butler to Lady Colin and to his remaining for three hours. Gen. Butler, on this occasion, when he departed went down stairs on tiptoe and let himself out of the front door. The witness found a photograph of Gen. Butler under Lady Colin's pillow, and spoke to Lord Colin Campbell about her. The witness was thereupon dismissed by Lady Colin. Hepturne Blood threw the boxes and luggage belonging to the witness into the street.

Watson, a coachman, testified that once while he was carrying Lady Colin and a gentleman he watched them and saw them caressing like lovers. Lady Colin's head resting on the gentleman's shoulder. The witness took the plaintiff and his male companions to a house in Brook street. He waited outside for an hour and a half for Lady Colin, to take her home, and then departed without her.

Humphreys, a solicitor, testified to an interview between Lady Miles and Lord Colin Campbell in November, 1884. Lady Miles threatened Lord Colin that unless he withdrew his proceedings against Lady Colin she (Lady Miles) would produce evidence against him. Lord Colin Campbell, the witness said, considered the proposals on behalf of the plaintiff, as made through Lady Miles, dishonorable and immoral, and declined to accede. Lady Miles then asserted distinctly that an act of adultery had been committed by Lord Colin Campbell with Mary Watson.

The Duke of Argyll was then called. The object of calling him was to have him state that he disapproved of the marriage of his son to the plaintiff.

Lord Charles Russell, counsel for Lady Colin, produced a letter dated August, 1883, from Lady Colin to the witness, in which she detailed the cause of her disagreement with Lord Colin, and described his tyranny and persistence in insisting upon maintaining relationship with her, despite her opposition, because of his condition.

Sir Charles next produced the Duke's reply, which the latter identified and said he would stand by. It was written in the most distant and freighting manner and was as follows:

LONDON, Aug. 16, 1883.

"The Duke of Argyll has received Lady Colin Campbell's letter of the 15th inst. He has also heard from his son, Lord Colin, of the accusations which Lady Colin has brought against her husband in the form of a petition to the Divorce Court. The Duke has heard from Lord Colin also, and has reason to know from other sources that these accusations are false. The Duke therefore

can only regard Lady Colin's letter to himself threatening further legal proceedings as written in pursuance of that attempt of intimidation which has already been tried unsuccessfully with Lord Colin. Under these circumstances Lady Colin will understand that he must decline all further communication or correspondence with her ladyship."

Lord Colin, the husband, was next called. This was another surprise. He walked up in that slow and quiet manner with which all who have seen him in this trial have become so well acquainted. When he reached the witness box he laid his gloves beside him and leaned forward on his elbow, crossing his feet, his head bent a little forward. Lady Colin did not at first appear to take any notice of him but completely ignored his presence, as she has done from the beginning of the trial. By and by, however, she raised her eyes and listened intently, turning now and then to make a remark to her sister. Old Mr. Blood, her father, held his hand up to his ear to catch every word. At no time had the room been so hushed, and the witness could be heard distinctly, though he spoke in a low, half plaintive tone. He first told of his early married life; how his wife had left him when very ill to go out to dine, and to go off and make visits which entailed weeks of absence. He spoke with great earnestness but without the least tinge of anger or indignation.

The most impressive part of his story was this: "On my return from Scotland I went straight to Leigh Court. My wife joined me there. She came from London. At Leigh Court an operation was performed upon me. It was not during that visit that I first met Dr. Bird, for I had met him at my house in London. The operation took place on the 6th of Sept. and it was performed by Dr. Allingham, Dr. Bird administering the anaesthetic. The operation was a very serious one, and I was confined to my room for a month after it. My wife was there off and on the whole time. She went up to London now and again. She did not nurse me much during my illness. She came in to see me, usually in the morning, and sometimes in the afternoon. On one occasion when she returned from London she appeared to be suffering. We returned to London in February, 1883. During the time we were at Leigh Court it had been arranged that Dr. Bird should stay with Lady Miles. He was to have stayed a fortnight, but the operation being a bad one, he stayed for three weeks, and afterwards returned occasionally from Saturday to Monday to see me. After my return to town he came occasionally to my house to look at the wound. I was then occupying the dining room. I remember Lady Miles coming to my house in town and having an interview with me. She had written to me a week or ten days before that she had a message to give me from my wife. She informed me that Lady Colin had asked her to tell me that she would never live with me again. I asked how it came that she could send me such a message at the time when she knew that any anxiety of mind would probably cause an opening up of the wound again. I added that I could not understand why such a communication had been made to me at that time. Lady Miles went on to say that Lady Colin had had an abortion and that she had also contracted a painful malady. I pressed to know whether it was charged against me that I was the cause of her illness. However, I got no satisfactory answer thereto. Lady Miles said that Lady Colin would never inquire into my life and that I might do what I pleased. I told Lady Miles that I should never ask Lady Colin to come back as long as she remained in that frame of mind. I told her, also, that I should make no sort of bargain or compact with Lady Colin whatever."

It would be impossible to gather from these words alone any but the most imperfect conception of the appearance and manner of the speaker. Twice he stopped, bit his lips, and struggled very hard to maintain himself. Every one in the court room, excepting Lady Colin and her sister, seemed deeply concerned at the pain he was evidently suffering. It was a most dramatic episode. No one could doubt for one moment that the witness was laboring under the profoundest emotion brought on by a reference to the time when he learned that the separation between him and his wife would probably be final. Later on he detailed a conversation that he had with his wife in which he expressed some suspicion of her conduct.

"What did she say?"

Lord Colin first looked to the floor for a moment and then said: "She was very violent."

"Do you remember her saying anything as to how much she cared for you?"

"Yes; I think I asked her. I said, 'You cannot care for me,' and she gave me to understand that she cared more about many others."

"What did you say to that?"

"Well, I told her that I thought the time had come when it would be advisable for her to see her mother, and I wrote a letter to Mrs. Blood asking for an appointment. Do you wish me to relate what occurred?"

"Not yet, please. I want you to exhaust the conversation which you had with Lady Colin. Do you remember putting a specific question to her as to whether she had been faithful to you?"

"Yes, I do."

"What did you say?"

"I said: 'Have you always been faithful to me?' She replied: 'Do you wish to insult me?' She mentioned the Divorce Court and said, 'If you were to take me to the court you would get the worst of it there.'"

"Lady Colin, I believe, left you at the Slon House?"

"Yes, she went up to town to see her mother at my request."

"Did you go up to town subsequently?"

"Yes, I did."

"Did you say anything in your conversation with her before she left with regard to the use of the word 'never' in connection with your mode of life?"

"I said: 'I can very well understand that you do not wish to cohabit with me now,' and there could be no question about her cohabiting with me then. I said: 'I deny the right of a wife to tell her husband that without sufficient cause.' She persisted in saying that she had made up her mind."

At this point the court adjourned.

LEM. FELCHER.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Lemuel Felcher, a sporting man, boniface of the Woodbine on Yonge street, and well known and very popular among sporting and baseball circles. He is one of the directors of the Toronto Baseball Club, and to Lem. Felcher's energy and enterprise the Toronto club owe a great deal of their success.



FOUND DEAD.

HOW THE DEAD BODY OF PRETTY ACTRESS DOUGLASS WAS DISCOVERED IN A FIELD AT SANDUSKY, OHIO.



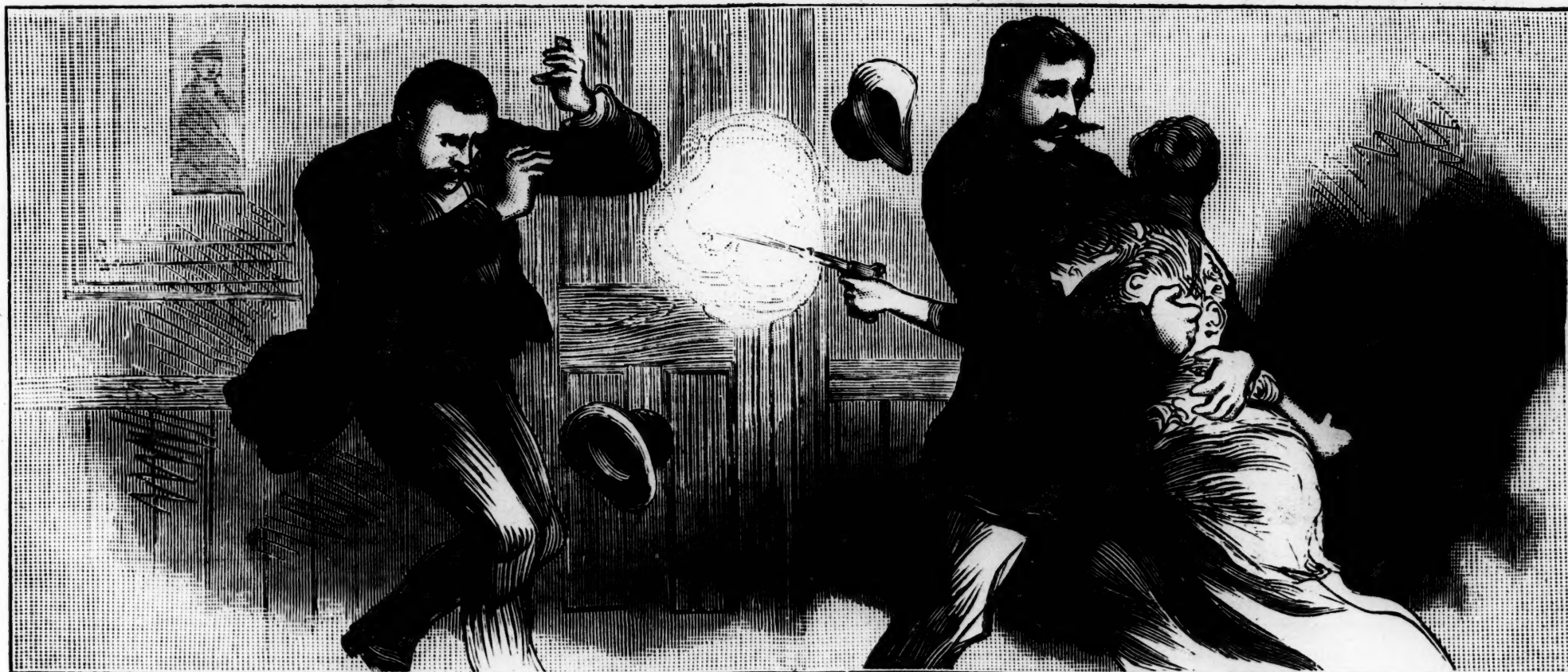
HE TUMBLED TO THEM.

OFFICER HARRIS OF NYACK, N. Y., DISCOVERS TWO VENTURESOME DAMSELS OF TARRYTOWN MASQUERADING IN MALE ATTIRE.



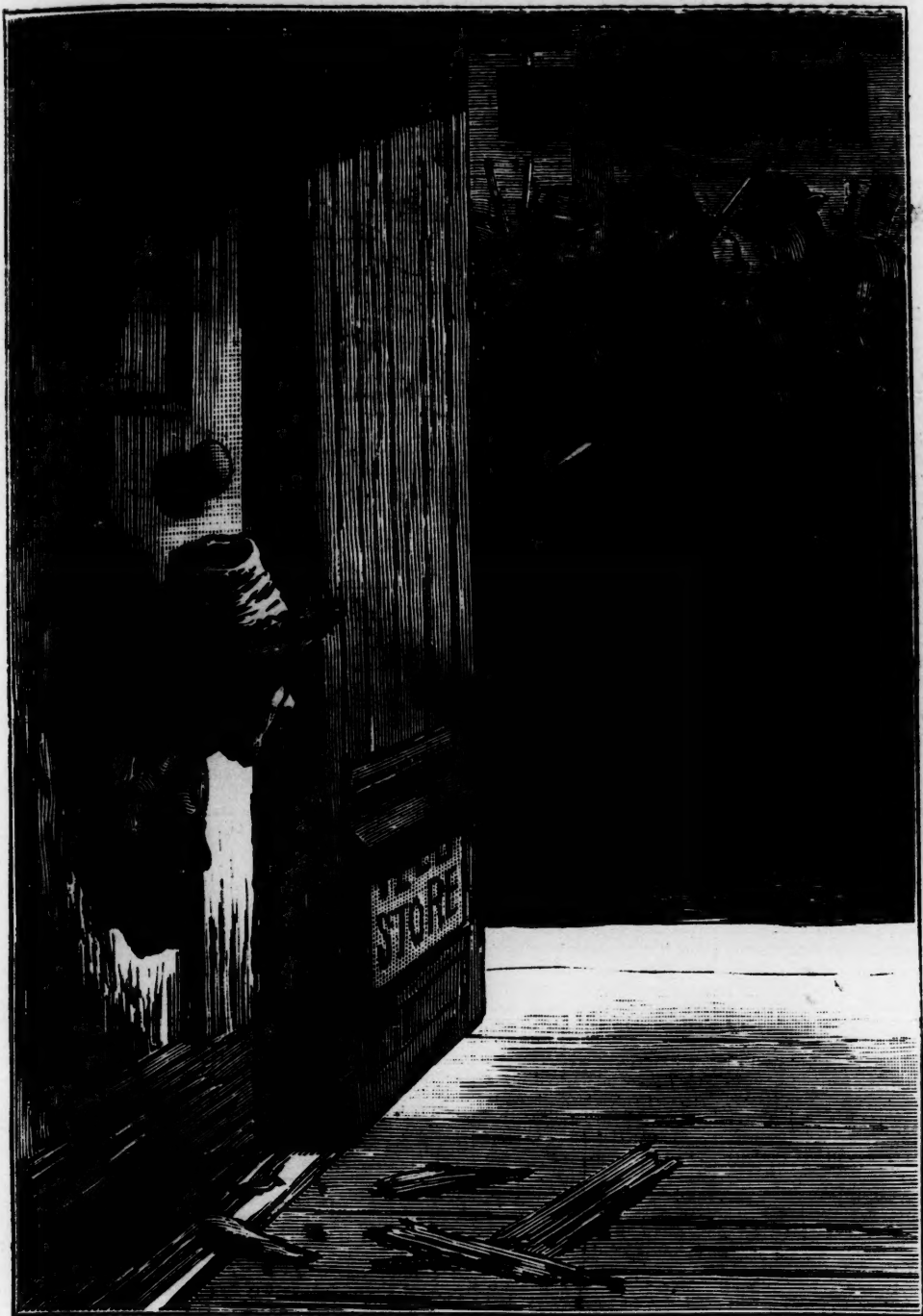
BEATING THE LAW.

HOW THE WILY SALOON-KEEPERS OF DALLAS, TEXAS, GET ROUND THE SUNDAY CLOSING REGULATIONS OF THAT BURGH.



WAS IT MURDER?

THE SHOOTING OF VETERINARY SURGEON HARBAUGH BY NAN LETSINGER IN HER DISREPUTABLE HOUSE, KNOXVILLE, TENN.



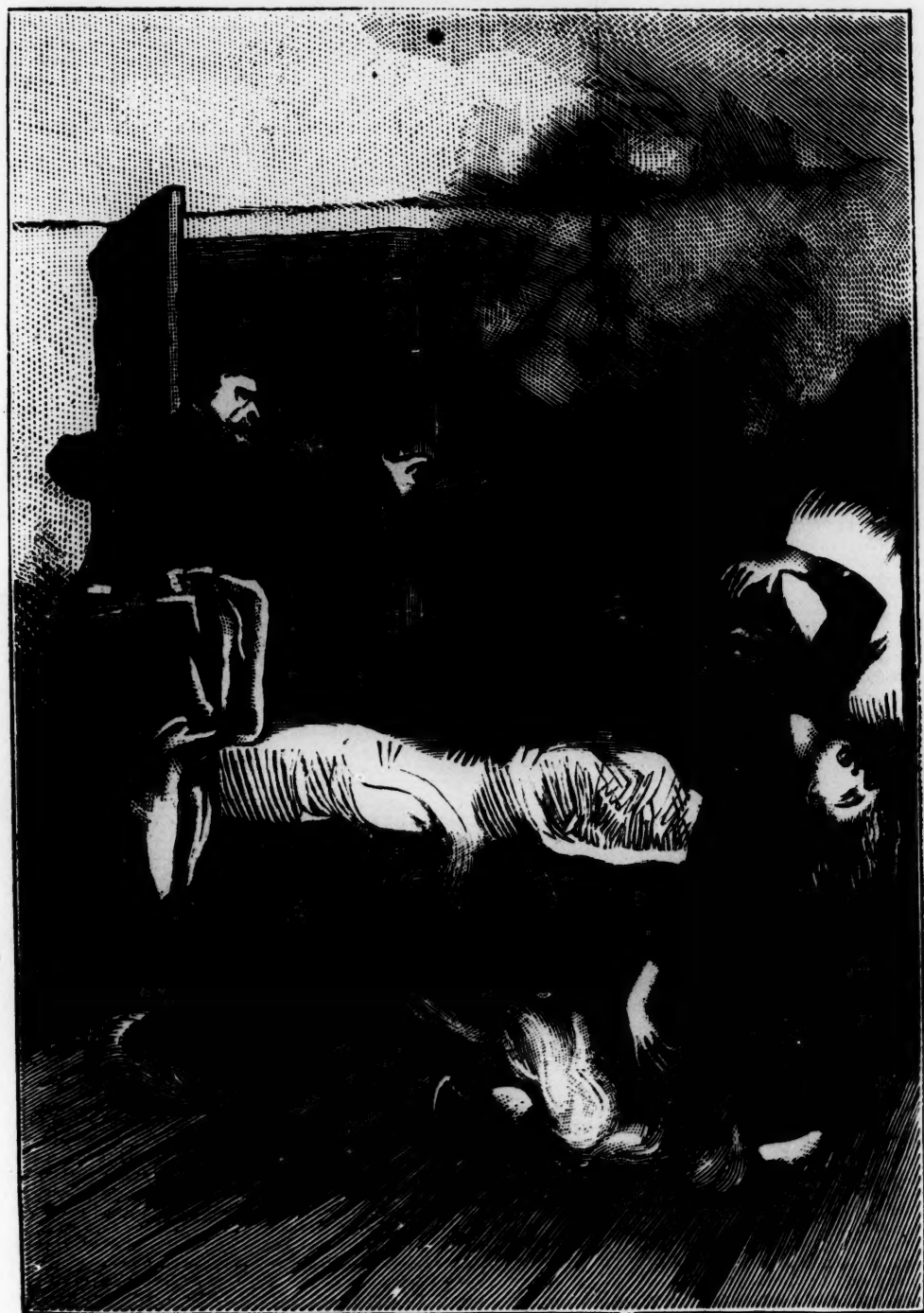
ARMED COWARDS.

HOW SIXTEEN PUILLANIMOUS JERSEYMEN WERE AFRAID TO TACKLE THREE NEW YORK BURGLARS AT RAMSEYS, N. J.



THAT WILD GIRL.

THE NO-LONGER MYSTERIOUS WHITE CAPTIVE OF A SOLITARY INDIAN RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT WASHINGTON, IDAHO.



HE WAS CONSISTENT ANYHOW

HOW ANARCHIST FRANK KERNER CARRIED OUT HIS DYNAMITE VIEWS ON HIS WIFE AT READING, PA.



ALMOST DROWNED.

THE LAUGHABLE PREDICAMENT OF A PARCEL OF ADVENTUROUS YOUNG AMATEUR BOATMAILERS, AT KEY WEST, FLA.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

John Roney, the noted sporting man and backer of pugilists, now keeps the Ram's Head, corner Thirteenth and C streets, Washington, D. C.

At the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on Nov. 30, Tom Kelly was declared the winner of a four-round glove contest with Mike Boden. Pete McCoy was referee.

It is said that George La Blanche wants to fight Dempsey again. It is probable that the difficulty, if there be any, in arranging a meeting, will not rest with Dempsey.

At Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, on Dec. 2, Frank Moore stopped Charley Thomas in one round, and Johnny Connors knocked out Howard Roberts also in one round.

Dominick McCaffrey is authorized to match Willie Clark with Tommy Warren at 120 pounds, ten rounds or to a finish, with small gloves, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side or for \$500 and a purse of \$500.

Jack McGrath and Jack Cassidy have signed for a contest to a finish, without gloves, London ring rules, for \$500 a side and an outside bet of \$100, within six weeks, for the bantam championship.

In England a prize fight was the subject of conversation at a dinner party, and the wittily-wise host was asked by a lady, point blank, whether he did not consider prize fighting a brutal and degrading pursuit. "On the contrary, I highly approve of it," he said.

Sailor Brown and John Harrigan fought under the Marquis of Queensbury rules at Arthur Chambers', Philadelphia, on Dec. 2. For two rounds the struggling was about even and very hard. In the third round Harrigan was knocked out of time, and Brown was awarded the fight.

Jack Kelly defeated Frank Thompson in a four-round glove contest at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on Dec. 2. Thompson made no attempt at fighting, and Kelly punched him at will; but, although he hit him hard and often, he could not knock him out. Dominick McCaffrey declared Kelly the winner.

Billy Dacey, of Greenpoint, L. I., has forwarded the following challenge to this office:

GREENPOINT, L. I., Nov. 30, 1886.
Please publish in your valuable paper that I am prepared to arrange a match with my late opponent, Jack Dempsey, upon the following conditions. I will fight Dempsey according to the new rules of the London prize ring, at each weight, for \$2,500 or \$5,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, or according to the rules governing the same. The fight is to be decided within 100 miles of New York city, four or six weeks from signing articles. Three years ago Dempsey defeated me after fighting 7 rounds, but I was not properly trained. I trust as soon as he arrives in this city that he will arrange a match, as I mean business.

BILLY DACEY.
If Dacey had posted a deposit with the challenge it would have looked more like business; but he failed to do so, consequently it is very doubtful if Dempsey or Gus Tuthill, his backer, will pay any attention to it. Besides, Dempsey is miles from this vicinity, and may not reach New York until next year. In the meantime, there are many light and middle-weights who would, no doubt, be ready to accommodate Dacey with a match if he only issued a general challenge, backed up with a deposit posted in the hands of Richard K. Fox.

"Tommy Warren cannot be as great a pugilist as the people out West claimed he was," said a sporting man at the Carlton House a few nights ago.

"Why," said an old patron of the ring, "because he did not knock out Hagan and young Walton."

"Yes," said the individual. "A champion should be able to do all such men. Sullivan is a champion, and no one gives him the slip in any contest if he stands up and fights; and a champion, if he is the genuine article, should win every battle he engages in; that is my opinion."

"Do you call a 4-round glove contest, which lasts about 12 minutes (fighting time), a battle? Do you suppose that a feather-weight, who is restricted to wear big pillows instead of hard gloves, can, without training or preparation, knock out or conquer an opponent easily? I say no, and such glove contests as Warren has been engaging in in the Quaker City are no tests of his ability or stamina let alone his courage."

Sound argument and capital theory by the veteran sporting man won the anti-Warrentine over, for the sporting man who opened the argument finally said: "I guess you are right."

We endorse the old sports' idea; it is a difficult task for a striping whose fighting weight is only 118 pounds to don a big pair of ordinary boxing gloves and stop or knock out an adversary in twelve minutes. Warren's debut in the East has not, it is true, been as successful as it might have been, but it must be taken into consideration that since his arrival he has been made the pet of the fancy. He has been lionized and petted by sporting men of New York and Philadelphia; he has been engaged in seeing all the sights of Gotham, and in no condition to engage in a boxing match, let alone to stand champion in a city, to meet all comers in his class, whether his equal or superior, trained or untrained. He was engaged right off the reel at a big figure, because the management of the Theatre Comique knew he was a big card. He had no time to train and prepare for the series of struggles he had to engage in. The first man pitted against him was a champion in his class, who had made it pretty lively for Warren's rival for the position of feather-weight champion. It could not be expected under these circumstances that Warren could knock out or stop his opponent, besides he was not permitted to use small gloves, and it was dollars to doughnuts that he would not be able to conquer an opponent nearly as clever with pillows in the sixteen minutes, including four minutes for resting. Warren proved he was a clever, scientific boxer, and a great tactician, and under the circumstances he sustained the reputation he came East with. If he meets Tommy Danforth in the ring, and there is no restriction placed upon the time the battle shall last, or no specification in regard to the number of rounds to be fought, then, and only then, will Eastern sporting men be able to judge whether Warren is or is not champion at 118 pounds.

Dec. 4, the backer of Kilrain and the latter sturdy pugilist, who now resides in Baltimore, called at this office, posted \$250 and issued the following sweeping challenge:

NEW YORK, Dec. 4, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:

"For the past two years I have been eager to meet Dominick McCaffrey of Philadelphia, in the prize ring, but did not challenge the latter because he had announced he would not meet any one in the ring but Sullivan. Since, he has met Sparrow Golden and defeated him, and I think he cannot object to ratifying a match with me. I have been victorious in several contests and have decided to try and climb to the top of the pugilistic tree by degrees. Now since McCaffrey's victory over Golden, his friends and backers believe he can defeat Sullivan, but in order that his reputation may not be tarnished by a contest with the champion, who will certainly conquer him before I meet him, I hereby challenge him to fight me with gloves, either according to the rules of the London prize ring or "Police Gazette" rules, for \$1,000 a side or \$2,500 a side. I select "Police Gazette" rules, because if the match is arranged for them to govern there will be no prospect of a draw, and the sporting public will not be treated to a farce. I shall be ready to meet McCaffrey or his backers any time to sign articles of agreement. My backer has deposited \$250 with Richard K. Fox to prove we mean business and if McCaffrey and his backers mean fighting there need be no delay in making the match, for I shall be ready to face McCaffrey in the twenty-four foot ring, four or six weeks after I meet Joe Lannon in Boston. Frank Stevenson will accept my interests and arrange a match any time McCaffrey is ready. Yours, JAKE KILRAIN."

Jake Kilrain's challenge to meet Dominick McCaffrey in the orthodox twenty-four foot ring for \$1,000 and upwards a side will set the followers and votaries of the prize ring a-thinking. Kilrain was never a boaster; he never yet issued a challenge or agreed to meet an opponent in the arena but what he carried out the contract. He has met all the leading heavy weight pugilists except Sullivan, and he would no doubt have faced the champion only that he was a Bostonian. Kilrain is, to-day, the best pugilist on the list to Sullivan, and there is no one who

witnessed him box Herald will dispute that question. McCaffrey, by conquering Golden, gained wealth and a great deal of glory, which he was fairly entitled to, but to keep up his reputation he will have to meet the sturdy Baltimore boxer in the arena without making any excuse—that is, if he desires to sustain his reputation. Kilrain is no novice. He is nearly up to championship form, and has just as good a record as McCaffrey, taking everything into consideration. He has sporting men in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and New York ready to back him, so that neither McCaffrey or his backers need be the least alarmed that should Kilrain sound the tocsin, or state that he is ready and eager for the fray that he will not arrange a match. Already Kilrain's backer has posted \$250 forfeit with Richard K. Fox and will be ready at any time McCaffrey or his backers name to sign articles to fight for \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side. Sporting men all over this country who are interested in the prize ring will eagerly wait to ascertain whether McCaffrey will pick up the gauntlet and agree to meet Kilrain, or wait to arrange matches with boxers eager to vanquish. Kilrain, after leaving this office, went to John Woods photograph gallery in the Bowery and stood for several large portraits in various attitudes. Surprised, Kilrain is a muscular specimen of humanity; he has greatly developed since he has been in charge of the Gentleman's Athletic Club in Baltimore.

The following cable was received by Richard K. Fox at the Police Gazette office from George W. Aikman, of the Sporting Life, in regard to the prize fight between Jim Smith, champion of England, and Jack Kilrain, the 61-tonner, who were matched some time ago to fight for the championship of England and \$2,000.

LONDON, Dec. 6, 1886.
Smith and Kilrain met to fight to-day at the battle ground. There was a wrangle until the police arrived. Smith was eager to fight, but Kilrain's backers were not willing, and the affair was decided a draw.

The following is an interview with Kilrain's trainer, Jim Mace, forwarded to the Police Gazette by our special commissioner, from England:

Mace's position as trainer to Jim. Kilrain led us to wait upon him, the other morning, at the Grand Hotel, in order that we might get to know something of the pending fight for the championship between Mace's protegee and Jim Smith. We found Jim busy—very busy. He was getting rid of his first meal, and he seemed to work away with the same spirit that characterized his demeanor in his fights. Jim felt to talking with the cheeriest possible smile.

"You want to know something about the fight for the championship, do you? Well, you will excuse me saying very much about it, as you know the police are itching to get some information as to when and where it is to come off. But I don't mind telling you one or two things. Jack Kilrain has got to win this fight. He is in strict training, and being well looked after, and I believe he will stop in better condition than ever he did in his life. Kilrain is young, tall, and strong, and just the man to do away with a man like Smith."

"You know I never thought a great deal of Smith. I don't think he's a game 'un. His method is, as you know, to get at a man's ribs. He is a powerful hitter, and if he gets a few hard ones into a man just above the belt he is in a fair way to making his man turn it up. But I don't think he'll get many into Kilrain. Kilrain is several inches higher, and has the advantage of many inches longer reach. The result of the fight won't be left in much doubt. It will be fought to a finish. Both men will, I think, do their best to win. Each man, in the battle, will have different tactics. Smith's work will be to get amongst Kilrain's ribs, and Kilrain's will be to get at Smith's face. You know that Smith never gave a good man a black eye in his life. He never could reach out there. 'Why did he get away with Greenfield?' you say. Well, Greenfield never was a champion. If Jack Kilrain had been fighting Greenfield he would have left him for dead in half the time Smith took to knock him out. You thought it was on account of the treatment of the roughs that Smith did not get the fight awarded? Well, I don't think so. But if Smith had had mettle enough he would have knocked Greenfield out long before that time happened. Why, he was as much afraid of Greenfield as Greenfield was afraid of him. You must remember that Greenfield was not in much condition at the time. If Greenfield had been the man he was when at his best, he would have knocked out Smith instead of Smith knocking out him. When Smith meets Kilrain he will meet a far different man than Greenfield, and Smith and his friends know it. The substance of the argument is this—that Kilrain will win the fight if he attends to my instructions, and I don't think there's a man breathing can beat Kilrain if he tries. Kilrain, I believe, has science enough to keep Smith off his body, and when he has done this he may pepper away at Smith's face until he gives up. I believe I will be one of the toughest fights that has been fought for a long time; but my man will win—I think. What? You would like to know when it is going to take place? Well, whisper—; but that is not for publication."

"But let us tell our readers approximately, Jim?"
"Well, if we can, we will bring it off this week. You may safely say that. But you know our difficulty. Here is a letter from my cousin asking about the place of meeting. You see it says that the final deposit has been placed in the hands of the stakeholder, and also that Pooley Mace has met the other parties—viz., White and another. The fight, as you see, will not, according to this arrangement, be brought off in England, but in France. I can only say that about a dozen people really know it, and you may count yourself as one of them."

"Now about this rumor, Jim? I saw a paragraph in Richard K. Fox's Police Gazette that you have matched yourself to box Charley Mitchell."

"I'm not going to box Charley Mitchell, for the simple reason that he won't box me, although he agreed to do so. I had a challenge out for years to box any man breathing, but nobody took it up. I don't know why the papers should constantly say hard things about me. If I may speak without boasting I say that for thirty-five years I was open to fight all comers, and in all those years only two men defeated me, and I beat them afterwards. Why, it is generally supposed that Tom Sayers was the best pugilist England ever had, but he would not take me on. Tom—although, mind you, he was one of the bravest fellows that ever stepped, and one of the best-hearted fellows too—was offered \$25 to box against me, but he refused. He dare not do it; and I had to go to Birmingham to find Brooks to do it for the money. They'll speak good of me when I'm gone; but while I'm alive I suppose I'll have to stand the racket a bit."

"I suppose you know John L. Sullivan is coming over."

"I heard of it. Now, there's another man. That man ranks as champion of the world, and I suppose he is the best fighter; but he forfeited to me in America, where I liked every man they could find, and stayed about five years in the country looking for them. Sullivan may be the great man they make him out, but he was afraid to box me."

"What is your estimate of Sullivan?"

"Well," said Mace, with a laugh, "you ask me a question that I can hardly answer. I don't like to say ill of anybody, and if I can't say anything good, I don't care to express myself otherwise. But I have said before, and I say now, that I don't think anything of Sullivan—a man of science. He is not a boxer. I offered to box him four rounds under Queensbury rules, and he said he would knock me out in four rounds. But he took care never to try. He forfeited to me, as I have told you, a thousand dollars before he would attempt it."

"But you would not fight him?"

"No; I will fight no man. I have fought enough. I've long since given up the ring as a fighting man. What I do now is to box. I will not box any man in the world for any amount of money they can find, and I am ready to meet Sullivan at the game if he desires it. Jim looked squarely at me and said, 'That's not bad for a fellow that's seen half a century, is it?'"

"No, indeed. There's just one item that I should like to say something about. Don't you think it would be dangerous for a small man to meet Sullivan in a 4-round contest?"

"Not at all. He only needs quickness to get out of the way. Look at the case of Tag Wilson. He fought Sullivan with the gloves and hardly received a scratch; Wilson got away from him. You see, said Jim, rising and letting out, and ducking and getting away in an instant. 'If a man is just quick enough to keep this sort of thing going you can't knock them out. That's the way they serve Sullivan in America, and it's a little hard on him.'

At this juncture Jim, who had risen late, had to arrange his traps for the races, and our conversation ended with a warm invitation to look in again and see him. Mace is by no means a lazy man. He looks well after his business, and in the intervals of his stage duties he fills up his time at the race meetings, where he seeks to gratify his fondness for horse racing. He may always be found in the public ring, and it goes without saying that in betting matters he drives a big trade. He is assisted by his friend, agent and partner, Mr. Middleton Cox, of Oxford Bridge, and together they drive a roaring trade.

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SPORTING NEWS.

AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application. RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York.

The fastest mile trotted during 1886 is 3:14 3-4, by Harry Wilkes.

The fastest mile paced during 1886 is 2:13 1-2, made by Little Mac at Detroit, Mich., July 31.

Geo. Taylor is forming a class in boxing at 114 Bowery, where he will be pleased to receive pupils.

Jimmy Murray, the boxer, is now instructor of sparring to the Philadelphia Fencing and Sparring Club.

The fastest mile ran in 1886 and ever ran was 4 minutes 12 1/2 seconds by Wm. G. George in England.

In England the Australian eleven scored a total of 12,043 runs for the loss of 631 wickets, while 12,938 runs for 631 wickets were scored against them.

Mike Cushing of Brooklyn, amateur champion light weight, will be tendered a benefit at Crescent Skating Rink, Elizabethport, N. J., on Tuesday evening, Dec. 21, when he will wind up with Tommy Danforth.

Wallace Ross and George W. Lee sailed on the steamer Alaska on Dec. 4 for home. Ross intends to return to England in the spring and challenge the winner of the Buben Perkins contest for the championship of England.

At Hunter's Point, L. I., on Dec. 2, there was a desperate canine controversy between Pete White and Jack for \$200. The fight lasted 1 hour and 40 minutes, and resulted in a victory for Pete White, Jack being almost killed. There were about a hundred spectators present. Both dogs are owned in Brooklyn.

If Hanlan cannot beat all the oarsmen on the water, and the chances are, it will, he can, he can outgeneral them all in maintaining his reputation. His reception at Newcastle-on-Tyne was immense. Men, women and children turned out to greet him on his visit to the North of England, the home of many an aquatic champion.

Emma B. record 2:22, owned by Richard K. Fox, is now in foal to Bayonne Prince, owned by R. Cadogan, of Bayonne, N. J. Emma B. is a beautiful gray, a model to look at. She cost Richard K. Fox \$10,000. Judging by the performance and breed of Bayonne Prince and Emma B., their foal should be valuable, and turn out a flyer. Bayonne Prince's sire is Kentucky Prince.

The New York "Daily News," Dec. 3, says: "The following are the six leading winning jockeys in England up to Nov. 12: Fred Archer, 512 mounts; won 170, lost 342; C. Wood, 428 mounts; won 177, lost 311; G. Barrett, 650 mounts; won 144, lost 506; J. Wallis, 400 mounts; won 60, lost 311; F. Barrett, 518 mounts; won 87, lost 431. J. Fagan, 238 mounts; won 70, lost 198."

The wrestling match between Murray and Devaney, at Nelson Hall, Hoboken, N. J., on Nov. 29, attracted a large crowd. The men wrestled Cumberland style, best two in three falls. Murray won the first fall in 3 minutes, and Devaney the second in 14 minutes, and the third fall and the match in 23 minutes. Then followed a wrestling between Mr. Higgins and Mr. Graley, of Pittsburg, and Mr. Higgins won the two straight falls amid the greatest excitement.

Princeton College will have a first-class football eleven next year, and it will be captained by Cook, '89, one of the present rushers. Wagenhurst, '88, and Cook, '89, were the two candidates. Counting the team and substitutes, there were seventeen men who were allowed to vote. Of these, three cast their votes for Wagenhurst and fourteen for Cook. Cook is an Exeter man, and is one of the best rushers on the Princeton team. He is a powerful fellow, and a hard, rough player, and it is believed he will handle his team well.

The following explains itself: LEADVILLE, Col., Nov. 30, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:
I will back a local ice skater against any professional or amateur skater in the world for from \$500 to \$1,000, for a distance of from 10 to 50 miles, during the present skating season, in the city of Leadville, Col., and respectfully submit this bet to the ambitious youth and professionals of the country. Very respectfully yours, JNO. G. MORGAN.

James Teemer and James Hamm, who rowed in the English international contest for the championship of the world, and James Ten Eyck, Hamm's trainer, arrived on the steamer Tower Hill at this city on Dec. 4. Teemer said: "Boat is without exception one of the best, if not the very best, single sculler in the world. His excellence lies, however, as much in his enormous strength as in his skill, though he handles the oars in a masterly manner. He does not work so hard as Hanlan and accomplishes just as much. I do not believe there is an Englishman who can beat him."

At Annapolis, Md., on Dec. 4, 1886, the deaf mutes from Kendall College, Washington, taught the cadets a polo or two at football. They made 16 points to the cadets' 0. The mutes did this by superior agility in passing the ball from the snap back to the receiver and then to the half back, and before the cadets could find where the ball was a Kendall player would be inside their rush line and flashing off to their goal like a racehorse. They did this three times with so much alacrity that the cadets, who generally take defeat much to heart, were amused at their own discomfort. This game the mutes always played successfully whenever the cadets pushed the ball up to Kendall's goal.

The following are the Dwyer Brothers racing stable for 1887:

Pontiac, blk h, 6, by Pero Gomez; Agenoria.
Joe Cotton, ch h, 5, by King Alfonso; Imp. Inverness.
Inspector B, b h, 4, by Enquirer; Colossus.
Winfred, ch h, 4, by Mortimer; Minnie Minor.
Tom Martin, b h, 6, by Learfellow; Athalaric.
Millie, b m, 4, by Billet; Distraction.
Perona, b m, 4, by Glenelg; La Henderson.
Tremont, blk c, 3, by Virgil; Ann Fief.
Hanover, ch c, 3, by Hindoo; Bourbon Belle.
Young Luke, b c, 3, by Luke Blackburn; Silver Maid.
Bedford, br c, 3, by Billet; Vega.
Bessie June, b f, 3, by King Alfonso; Virga.
Agnes, ch f, 3, by Onondaga; Skylight.
Louise, b f, 3, by Luke Blackburn; Arizona.
Hudson, br c, 3, by Billet; Mercedes.
Be c, 3, by Luke Blackburn; Ivy Leaf.
Long Branch, ch c, 2, by Hindoo; Uua.
Bay Ridge, br c, 2, by Billet; Hi.
Balston, br c, 2, by Billet; Villette.
Dennison, br c, 2, by Virgil; Malta.
Kingfish, b c, 2, by Virgil; Kith.
Umpire, br c, 2, by Virgil; Little Lou.
Locust, blk c, 2, by Virgil; Mrs. Gummidge.
Trenton, ch c, 2, by Mortimer; Spinaway.
Bendigo, b c, 2, by Luke Blackburn; Melita.
Fountain, b c, 2, by Luke Blackburn; Castilia.
Prospect, ch c, 2, by Hindoo; Lady Stockwell.
Hallstone, ch c, 2, by Hindoo; Delight.
St. Albans, b c, 2, by Falsotto; Crucifix.
Ferdham, br c, 2, by Falsotto; Crucifix.
Timoleon, ch c, 2, by Onondaga; Triquet.
Thucides, b c, 2, by Luke Blackburn; Tallapoosa.
Cleopatra, b f, 2, by Enquirer; Colossus.
Mucious, b c, 2, by Luke Blackburn; (7)
Aegleus, b c, 2, by Glenariff; Arizona.
Raudius, b c, 2, by Bramble; Benelia.
Al Barak, b f, 2, by Billet; Mercedes.
Barsine, b f, 2, by Billet; Distraction.
Demetrius, b c, 2, by Luke Blackburn; Dublin Belle.
Lampito, b f, 2, by Long Tag; Belle of the Meade.
Epaminondas, b c, 2, by Onondaga; Emily F.
Mariyah, ch f, 2, by Mortimer; Judith.

Lawrence M. Donovan, the champion aerial jumper, who jumped from the Brooklyn bridge and the Suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, called at the Police Gazette office yesterday (Dec. 7) and left the following challenge addressed to John L. Sullivan:

I, Lawrence M. Donovan, Champion Aerial Jumper of the World, do hereby challenge John L. Sullivan, Champion Pugilist of the World, to a four-round glove contest Marquis of Queensbury Rules. This challenge might look ridiculous to the public. The reason I offer to meet Sullivan is because I am satisfied I have the nerve and courage to do so; and I have proved it twice by risking my life in jumping from Niagara and Brooklyn bridges. I mean business and do not want any hippodrome and when Sullivan's manager is ready, I will be prepared to sign articles of agreement at the Police Gazette office.

LAWRENCE M. DONOVAN.
Donovan is in earnest and will meet Sullivan if the latter will only give him an opportunity. Donovan has had considerable experience in boxing and he weighs 180 pounds.

Pete McCoy, the referee in the Hagan and Warren glove fight, has written to this office from Philadelphia, as follows: "Notwithstanding the reports that came from the Philadelphia press regarding the contest between Tommy Warren of Louisville and Jimmy Hagan of this city, I, being chosen by both parties to act as referee, declared Warren the winner as he had all the best of the contest from start to finish." Peter McCoy.

At Temperance Hall, Kent avenue, near Myrtle, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Dec. 27 John Fallon, Mike Donovan's champion heavy weight, will be tendered a benefit. All the noted boxers and wrestlers will appear, and judging by the bill the sporting dens of Brooklyn will be treated to a first-class show. Fallon will box Pete McCoy and Joe Denning four rounds each, and wind up in six rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, with Lincy Tracey.

The Danforth-Warren match has not been arranged— all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Warren's money is still on deposit at the Police Gazette office, and has been on deposit there for the past two weeks. Danforth was present when the money was posted, as was also Mr. Sullivan, the ostensible backer of Danforth. They refused to cover the deposit of Warren's money at the time, and have ever since been holding off from completing a match. While on the other hand Warren has used every inducement to bring about a fight. After the Minneapolis meeting the men made a verbal agreement to fight in this city for \$1,000 a side and a purse of \$1,000. In keeping with this agreement Warren came on here. The men have met several times to arrange for a match, Warren going so far as to deposit a forfeit as an earnest of his desire to make good the agreement entered into in the West, but has met with nothing but rebuffs at the hands of Danforth and those behind the latter. When Danforth went to the West he had to be guaranteed \$300 and furnished two tickets to Minneapolis, while on the other hand Warren journeyed here, paying all his own expenses, only, as he expresses it, to make a loser of his time and money for his trouble. Danforth's complaints of having been unfairly treated while West will hardly hold in the face of the above facts.

The following fast-time records and wonderful performances are likely to go on record in "The Sporting Man's Companion" for 1887, which will be published by Richard K. Fox and issued about Jan. 10: Wendell Baker covered 80 yards in an even 8 seconds during the progress of a trial of 100 yards said to have been accomplished in 9 4-5 seconds. The record was held by H. M. Johnson, New York, July 31, 1880, at 8 2-5 seconds. The runner last named showed 100 yards at Cleveland, on July 31, in well under even time, two watches scoring him at 9 3-5 seconds, while the third was one-fifth of a second slower. George Smith, of Pittsburg, covered 150 yards at Youngstown, O., on Aug. 7, in 14 3-5, a marked improvement on 15 seconds, at which the record was held by C. Westhall, of England, who kept time down to even, at Manchester, so long ago as Feb. 15, 1861. The most important change of the year was probably the reduction by W. G. George of the mile record of 4:16 1-2, held by Wm. Cummings since May 14, 1881, to 4:12 3/4 at Little Bridge, Aug. 23. Other phenomenal of the year have been the 3-mile performance of James Grant, who compassed that distance at Brooklyn on Sept. 11 in 14 minutes 54 4-5 seconds, thereby eclipsing the American record of 15:10 3/4 held by himself since Nov. 12, 1884, and the 10-mile performance of E. C. Carter, who, at New York, on Nov. 6, ran that distance in 52 minutes 53 3-5 seconds. The American record, however, beats him with the 52:40 1-5 of the professional William Steele, master record holder, May 19, 1883. Mr. Carter's time heads the amateur record, however, it having been held by T. F. Delaney, with 56:09 2-5, made in New York on Dec. 12, 1882. There have been but very few changes in the walking world, the leading improver is have been a dead heat, walked on turf at Ealing, Eng., on June 26, between C. W. V. Clarke and F. Bettson, in 14 minutes 24 4-5 seconds.

The following are some of the wonderful performances that have been made this season:

Pole Vault—Eleven feet five and a quarter inches, by Thomas Ray, at White Haven, Aug. 13, 1886.

Hurdle Racing—Two hundred and twenty yards, over 10 hurdles, 27 1-5 seconds, by C. T. Weiland, at Brooklyn, N. Y., July 10, 1886; 250 yards, over 10 hurdles, 27 2-5 seconds, by C. T. Weiland, at Brooklyn, N. Y., July 10, 1886.

Three miles—Fourteen minutes fifty-three and four-fifths seconds, by James Grant, at Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1886.

Ten miles (amateur)—Fifty-two minutes ten and a half seconds, by E. C. Carter, at New York, Nov. 6, 1886.

Two miles (walking)—Fourteen minutes twenty-two and four-fifths seconds, in a dead heat, by C. W. V. Clarke and F. Bettson, at Ealing, Eng., June 26, 1886.

High Jumping (by horses)—Six feet eight inches, by Foxhall Keene, b. g. Hempsstead, ridden by Charles Mason, at New York city, Nov. 5, 1886; 8 feet 6 inches, by Leo, owned by Charles Gebhardt, at New York, May 30, 1884.

Sack Racing—50 yards in 9 2-5 seconds, by S. D. Lee, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1886; 75 yards, 12 2-5 seconds, by Samuel D. Lee, at Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sept. 18, 1886.

One Hundred Yards—12 2-5 seconds, by Samuel D. Lee, at Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1886.

To wind up the breaks of record, the name of Samuel D. Lee shall be eternally honored for the total eclipse for all performances in the sack-racing business. Mr. Lee, at Brooklyn on Sept. 18, paved his way to being everlastingly held in honorable memory by covering 50 yards in 9 2-5, 75 yards in 12 2-5 and 100 yards in 16 2-5 seconds, thus leaving the previous 104 1/2, 131 1/2 and 17 1/2 in perpetual obscurity for the balance of all time.

Some very phenomenal improvements have been made in the hurling of heavy weights this year. The 117 feet 3 1/2 inches throw of a 16-pound hammer, made by Owen Hart, at Wexford, Ireland, on July 30, 1886, was well eclipsed at Limerick by J. S. Mitchell, on June 16, with a heave of 119 feet 5 inches, and Callaghan left the standing throw record, 118 feet 6 inches of the 12-pound hammer altogether in the lurch with his mighty effort of 125 feet 8 1/2 inches at Brooklyn on Sept. 11. Still more of an improvement was the 114 feet 3 1/2 inches of A. J. Queckbener in New York on Aug. 14, over the 103 feet 1 inch record with the 16-pound hammer, four feet handle, held in Scotland by G. Davidson of Edinburgh, since June 2, 1883.

Malcolm W. Ford, on Aug. 14, covered a broad jump of 22 feet 11 1/2 inches, and J. Purcell on the same day, but in Ireland instead of New York, cleared 23 feet 11 1/2 inches. The record without weights was previously 23 feet 2 inches, made at Portlinton, Ireland, on Sept. 13, 1883, by Patrick Davlin, but 29 feet 7 inches has been jumped in England by John Howard, who on May 8, 1884, at the Chester race track, carrying 5-pound dumb-bells, and jumping from a species of springboard. Thomas F. Kearney, at Brooklyn, on Sept. 11, made a standing high jump of 5 feet 5 1/2 inches, beating the 5 feet 4 inch record held by D. M. Sullivan, of St. Catherine's, Canada, since Aug. 17, 1883. T. Ray, at Whitehaven, on Aug. 13, cleared 11 feet 5 1/2 inches in pole vaulting, an improvement of 3/4 of an inch on his own record, held since Aug.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

After a close perusal of the majority of the reports of the San Francisco press on the glove contest between Jack Dempsey and Jack Burke, I am convinced that Dempsey had the best of the encounter.

It is to be regretted that the number of rounds were limited. If they had not been, either Dempsey or his opponent would have had to battle until one or the other was vanquished.

Engaging to contend in the ring with gloves a limiting number of rounds amounts to simply nothing unless one completely outclasses the other, and then it is, in my opinion, equivalent to contending against time.

If two men are equals in science, stamina and courage, it is a hard matter to select the winner, let alone wager that one can conquer the other in so many rounds.

It is my opinion the public are beginning to be disgusted with these glove contests. In which it is agreed how many rounds are to be fought, and it is no wonder they are so slimly patronized.

If the public patronize a glove contest they pay their money to see either one of the contestants conquered, and not at the end of the fourth, sixth or tenth round find out that the referee has decided the match a draw.

It was to make boxing matches and glove contests interesting to the public and the principals that the Queensberry rules were revised and called the "Police Gazette" rules, because they give the referee full power in contests where the match calls for a certain number of rounds to order the contest to continue if one or the other of the principals has not a decided advantage or has not lost or won.

Pugilists, when they are in earnest and desire to contend on their merits, arrange their matches according to "Police Gazette" rules, but when they desire the match to end in a draw they do not stipulate that the "Police Gazette" rules shall govern.

The result is the public pay high tariff and attend these contests with the expectation of witnessing one or the other of the contestants beaten, and find when the affair is over neither has won.

Now, if in the future, those who depend upon public patronage desire to draw large audiences, they will find that they have either to stop arranging matches in which a certain number of rounds are to be fought, or else box according to "Police Gazette" rules.

Four and six-round contests are all very well when John Sullivan is one of the contestants, because it is now nearly a foregone conclusion that he can stop, conquer or defeat any man in the world that will stand up and fairly meet him toe to toe and face to face.

But Sullivan, or boxers like the champion, are scarce, and outside of the latter there is no man in the world can whip an opponent, if he is anything like first-class, on time. Nevertheless, many run away with the idea because Sullivan can whip an opponent in 3, 6, 8 or 10 minutes that they can do the same, but this is a mistake, and the public are the sufferers, for they pay to see a contest ended, and after the limited number of rounds are contested it ends at where it began.

I see that Tom Lees, the heavy-weight champion of Australia, who, it is said, was coming to America, recently undertook to Sullivanize an unknown in four rounds in Melbourne, Australia.

His opponent was a tall man, standing over 6 feet, who fought very well, but the crack Victorian was quite equal to the occasion and could have smothered his opponent if he had felt so disposed.

Just before finishing the third round Tom was the recipient of a sharp rap on the mug, which caused him to retaliate with interest, and boxed his man into the corner, delivering his blows right and left, when many of the public, who know nothing about the Marquis of Queensberry rules, began to hoot and hiss at Lees, which was quite uncalled for, and then Foley very properly stepped into the ring and informed them that Lees had in no way infringed on the rules, and no such expressions ought to have been made.

Lees was naturally very indignant, and at once commenced to take off his gloves, but the good-naturedly consented to box the fourth round. Both men played a very light fight, and when time was called all was in favor of Farnau's victory.

Molloy and O'Brien concluded the entertainment by boxing four rounds. The latter is a stronger and a better made man, which, coupled with equal if not superior science, left him a good winner when the rounds were completed.

I understand the betting question has been the bone of contention among turfmen and those who crusade against it, but the crusaders have not only received a black eye, but a knock-down, both in Queens county and Kings county, Brooklyn.

Fleming, the District Attorney of Queens county, done all in his power to stop betting on the Rockaway steeplechase course.

Fleming distorted his legitimate powers into persecutions, and the good people of Queens county on that account peremptorily disposed of all his hopes of reformation.

In Kings county Ridgeway, the District Attorney, was elected again, and by his re-election the cranks and those who crusaded against betting met with a reverse.

I understand Alcalde is already the tip for the Kentucky Derby.

Just fancy the nerve any one must have to select a horse just at the beginning of winter to win one of the great, if not the greatest, three-year-old turf events of the racing season of 1887, when it is five months off.

By the way, for the last five years, with only one miss the POLICE GAZETTE has published the winner of the Kentucky Derby, and in due season the probable winner will be given in these columns.

Talking about horses, I must not forget to state that Barnum won his twenty-fifth race at Clifton, N. J., on Nov. 15.

He has proved himself a great horse, and all tracks, all distances, all weights and all weathers seem to suit the veteran, who in many respects recalls some of the most famous English campaigners, such as Dr. Syntax, Boeswing, Caller On, etc. Good as he is, however, he could have been bought for less than \$1,000 in the spring of 1885, when his owner was in far from flourishing circumstances.

Fortunately for Mr. Woodford, he did not part with the old gelding, who has lived to make the famous "red, black Maltese cross and cap" known all over the East and a great part of the West.

I was not at all surprised when the "Police Gazette's" special correspondent in England telegraphed that there would be no fight between Jack Knifton and Jem Smith for the championship of England.

I never had any idea that Knifton had a ghost of a show with Smith, and when the match was ratified I had an idea that it was merely arranged to give Knifton a boom, so that he could give benefits and assaults-at-arms with Jem Mace and catch the public's money.

I understand the only reason Knifton gave for his conduct was that he found that the number of Smith's adherents who would attend the fight was so much greater than the number of his own friends who would be present, that he feared he would be unable to obtain fair play, and so concluded to abandon a contest which he felt convinced would be hopeless for him.

I think some one made a little fortune over the billiard match between Blosson and Schaefer at St. Louis. Schaefer was a heavy favorite and Blosson won.

The second match between these kings of the billiard realm will be played on Dec. 17, and the knowing ones will, on the lose-to-day win-to-morrow principle, back Schaefer.

In form Schaefer can beat any man in the world playing any billiards, and if any man can defeat him it is Maurice Vignaux.

It will be a first class game to look at, but to speculate one might just as well put up his money that he can pick the winner of next year's Derby, or the more difficult puzzle, the Suburban.

Years ago, when pugilists arranged big matches, their hardest task was training for the encounter. Nowadays their training is very light.

A pugilist's destiny in the good old days must have been mournful under any circumstances. For him there was no royal road to victory. Folk not given that way themselves must think it was bad enough for one man to be under articles to pound another man to a jelly if fortunate, or be pounded to a jelly himself if unfortunate, without taking into account the terrible agonies and sanguinary sweats of the period immediately preceding the contest. Far from surprising is it that pugilists have often broken away from their training quarters, and indulged in an hour's mad, reckless dissipation, heedless alike of past or future. To such sudden triumphs of the ancient Adam are explicable many reversals of public form, many a crushing defeat which should have been an easy victory.

A fighting man's training always seemed to me a very funeral business. It was a rare bad time while it lasted, with the prospect of a worse one to follow. Except from a momentary point of view, the loser in a race, whether boat race or foot race, doesn't suffer much; he is as good a man in all outward appearance as the winner.

But the loser in a fight was, as a rule, a melancholy spectacle. Fancy, after a course of purging and sweating, and toil and trouble—and the agony of getting to weight is a thing unknown among athletes of another kind—being terribly thrashed, and then the bargain often not only terribly thrashed, but cruelly deserted. I have seen more than one battered, bleeding and helpless pugilist left to dress himself, and get off the ground as best he might, by the foul fringe of humanity who would have thought no worship too demonstrative for him if he had been only half as good as he really was and twice as fortunate. A bad side of manhood this.

Perhaps it is those who know most about the minutiae of pugilism who least regret the utter annihilation which came upon it almost within the space of one short twelvemonth. I always think that among shortests on record the destruction of prize fighting should be included. Within an apparently impossible period it was at its best and at its worst, and then was gone forever.

The getting to weight of a fighting man was often worse than the fight itself. After pursuits men get gradually thin, and there is no absolute necessity to reach a given figure. The most abominable portion of an abominable task was that of getting four or five pounds below the weight at which a man should have desisted from further effort. The struggle was dead against nature.

As soon as the flesh was off it would be on again, and nothing but starvation and perpetual movement kept a man within required limits until the time came for weighing. Then, with luck and a friendly scalesman, he would just pass by the skin of his teeth.

I have seen a man placed upon the scale almost fainting from lack of food and too much work. If he had had to fight that day he would have fallen an easy victim to the antagonist whom, as it was, he succeeded in beating without an effort. After being carefully nursed and plied with food for twenty-four hours, the corpse-like young person of scaling time would step into the ring strong and well, and with quite half a stone the advantage.

Lots of people have wondered what was the reason of the haggard that used occasionally to take place, when an important match at weight was being arranged, as to scaling on the day before or the morning of the fight. For were they able to understand why the backers of certain men had to weigh on the day would endeavor to make the fight as late as possible, or get it postponed until a full twenty-four hours intervened between weighing and fighting. The secret was, that with every hour their man was gaining strength and weight.

In matches where one man would, without much work, be well within the requisite poundage, and the other had to strain every nerve to pass the scale, it was, provided sufficient interval was allowed, astonishing to note the difference in bulk between the combatants when at last they got into the ring.

I understand that Patsy Cardiff, of Peoria, Ill., since he vanquished Billy Wilson, the colored boxer, has called himself the champion of the Northwest, ready to meet any one. Pat Kitten, after meeting Joe Lannon, went East, and returned very much improved, with a record of having knocked out over thirty men within a year.

He was anxious to meet Cardiff, but the latter refused on the ground that Kitten did not have sufficient reputation. It seems, however, that Kitten has a man who is willing to back him for \$10,000, if necessary, and as Cardiff paid no attention to repeated challenges, Kitten can justly lay claim to the title of champion of the Northwest, when Cardiff refuses to meet him.

By the way, Sullivan is anxious to meet Kitten for this reason, to see what stuff he is made. The meeting will probably take place at Milwaukee, although an effort is being made to secure the event for St. Paul.

One by one the stories of Archer are being resurrected. This one I found in a paper published in the far West.

One of Plunger Walton's intimate friends told me the true story of his big winning on the Grand Prix, and how he made it. Archer, the famous jockey, was to ride Foxhall.

Walton learned that it was the ambition of Archer's life to be a landed proprietor, and that he was saving money to buy a certain little farm upon which his covetous eyes had long been fixed. The price of the place was \$10,000. Walton bought it, and then went to Archer and said:

"That farm you are after is mine. It shall be yours on certain conditions which won't interfere with your duty to your employer." "What are your conditions?" asked Archer. "You are to win that race, and satisfy me beyond question beforehand that you can win." "But what will satisfy you?" "A private running between Foxhall and the best of his competitors at day-break on the morning of the race."

To make a long story short, Archer took the bait. Tips of \$500 or less made it all right with the trainers of the opposing horses. At day-break on the race day there was a regular heat between the two, with Walton as the only spectator. Foxhall was shown to be an easy winner. Walton went out and put every dollar he could raise—and he was then very flush—upon his choice, and the day closed with his fortune swelled by nearly \$400,000, and Archer a landed proprietor. Be-a-u-tiful!

THE TURF.

Record of Race Horses that Have Made a Mile in 1:43 or Better During the Past Twenty Years.

Twenty years ago no race horse had ever ran one mile in 1:43, and it was not until 1869 that these figures were beaten. In 1872, Alarm ran one mile in 1:43; Gray Planet in 1874 ran a mile in 1:42; and reduced the record. In 1875 Searcher ran a mile in 1:41; and Kadi won mile heats at Hartford in 1:42; and 1:41. These records were not beaten until two years had elapsed, when Ten Broeck in 1877 set the one mile running record at 1:39; and there it has stood ever since. The nearest approach to the famous Ten Broeck's time, according to "The Sporting Man's Companion," published annually by Richard K. Fox, Boardman and Pearl Jennings have made the next best time, and the closest to Ten Broeck's time. Boardman, 4 years old, at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 20, 1880, with 91 pounds up, ran a mile in 1:40; and Pearl Jennings, 5 years old, 106½ pounds, ran a mile at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 16, 1884, in 1:40. That 1:44 is not very fast now is shown by this table:

ONE MILE.		
Ten Broeck, 5, 110 lbs., at Louisville, May 24, '77.....	1:39	1:39
Pearl Jennings, 5, 106½ lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 16, '84.....	1:40	1:40
Boardman, 4, 91 lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 20, '80.....	1:40	1:40
Pearl Jennings, 4, 112 lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 19, '84.....	1:41	1:41
Arana, 6, 116 lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 9, '84.....	1:41	1:41
Marchmont, 5, 94 lbs., at Brighton Beach, July 6, '81.....	1:41	1:41
Wedding Day, 4, 91 lbs., at Saratoga, July 25, '82.....	1:41	1:41
Groff, 5, 106 lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 25, '82.....	1:41	1:41
George Kinney, 4, 111 lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, June 18, '84.....	1:41	1:41
Blanchard, 3, 97 lbs., at Saratoga, July 27, '82.....	1:41	1:41
Searcher, 3, 90 lbs., at Lexington, May 13, '75.....	1:41	1:41
Victim, 5, 117 lbs., at Saratoga, Aug. 1, '81.....	1:41	1:41
Cheekmate, 6, 118 lbs., at Louisville, May 28, '82.....	1:42	1:42
Warfield, 5, 103 lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 25, '82.....	1:42	1:42
Boothack, 3, 104 lbs., at Saratoga, Aug. 28, '81.....	1:42	1:42
Breeze, 2, 64 lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 19, '82.....	1:42	1:42
Parole, 6, 102 lbs., at Falmouth, Oct. 31, '80.....	1:42	1:42
Hindoo, 3, 108 lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, July 19, '83.....	1:42	1:42
Knight Templar, 4, 106 lbs., at Saratoga, Aug. 6, '81.....	1:42	1:42
Ella Warfield, 6, 100 lbs., at Baltimore, May 28, '84.....	1:42	1:42
Pearro, 3, 97 lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 25, '82.....	1:42	1:42
Victim, 5, 118 lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, July 19, '83.....	1:42	1:42
Warfield, 6, 112 lbs., at Saratoga, July 3, '81.....	1:42	1:42
Duke of Montrose, 4, 113 lbs., at Saratoga, July 27, '81.....	1:42	1:42
Grey Pines, 5, 116 lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 25, '82.....	1:42	1:42
Hindoo, 3, 118 lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, June 15, '81.....	1:42	1:42
Elizabeth, 2, 85 lbs., at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 20, '84.....	1:42	1:42
Mistake, 2, 100 lbs., at Louisville, Sept. 28, '79.....	1:42	1:42
Democrat, 3, 123 lbs., at Brighton Beach, Sept. 20, '83.....	1:42	1:42
Atlanta, 2, 116 lbs., at San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 12, '81.....	1:42	1:42
Belle of the Meade, 2, 97 lbs., at Louisville, Sept. 27, '78.....	1:42	1:42
Crickmore, 2, 97 lbs., at Falmouth, Oct. 31, '80.....	1:42	1:42
Ballard, 2, 100 lbs., at Chicago, July 2, '81.....	1:42	1:42
Marfield, 2, 100 lbs., at Lexington, Sept. 17, '80.....	1:42	1:42
Rend Or, 4, 140 lbs., at Saratoga, July 18, '82.....	1:42	1:42
Rica, 5, 143 lbs., at Washington, Oct. 22, '84.....	1:42	1:42
Democrat, 3, 123 lbs., at Brighton Beach, Sept. 20, '83.....	1:42	1:42
Buckley, 4, 136 lbs., at Brighton Beach, Sept. 23, '80.....	1:42	1:42
Terror, 4, 150 lbs., at Saratoga, Aug. 4, '82.....	1:42	1:42
Lower Merion, 6, 157 lbs., at Washington, Oct. 22, '84.....	1:42	1:42
Vampire, 3, 120 lbs., at Monmouth Park, July 7, '81.....	1:42	1:42
Barnum, 115 lbs., at Brighton Beach, Nov. 6, '85 (best as season of year).....	1:42	1:42
Metzger, 115 lbs., at Chicago, July 2, '81.....	1:42	1:42
Modesty, 4, by War Dances, 113 lbs., Chicago, July 7, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Monk, 4, by Imp Buckden, 75 lbs., Chicago, Sept. 5, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Tom Martin, 4, by Longfellow, 100 lbs., Brighton Beach, Sept. 20, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Joe Cotton, 3, by King Alfonso, 103 lbs., Lexington, May 8, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Little Minch, 5, by Imp Glenelg, 100 lbs., Brighton Beach, Sept. 25, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Beaconsfield, 4, by Hock-Hocking, 118 lbs., San Francisco, Nov. 14, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Boothack, 3, by Imp Bonnie Scotland, 115 lbs., Brighton Beach, Nov. 6, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Pink Cottage, 5, by Imp Buckden, 95 lbs., Brighton Beach, July 18, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Pearl Jennings, 6, by Leipsa, 115 lbs., Saratoga, July 30, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Hilflight, 4, by Imp King Ban, 95 lbs., Brighton Beach, Aug. 10, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Freemont, 3, by Ten Broeck, 102 lbs., Lexington, May 6, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Lycurus, 5, by Imp Billet, 95 lbs., St. Louis, June 12, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Geo. Kinney, 5, by Imp Bonnie Scotland, 113 lbs., Sheepshead Bay, July 4, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Frankie B, 6, by Monarchist, 101 lbs., Brighton Beach, July 20, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Swift, 5, by Imp Great Tom, 97 lbs., Brighton Beach, Sept. 4, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Conkling, 4, by Hyder Ali, 113 lbs., Louisville, Sept. 22, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Lady Wayward, 3, by Virgil, 118 lbs., Chicago, July 1, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Jim Douglas, 4, by Wildcat, 120 pounds, Brighton Beach, Nov. 12, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Powhatan III, 4, by Imp Glenelg, 104 lbs., Saratoga, July 21, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Swift, 6, by Imp Great Tom, 95 lbs., Brighton Beach, Aug. 24, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Editor, 3, by Enquirer, 99 lbs., Saratoga, Aug. 11, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Monarch, 6, by Monarchist, 108 lbs., Chicago, Sept. 5, '85.....	1:42	1:42
Arana, 6, by Arana, 99 lbs., Brighton Beach, Sept. 18, '85.....	1:42	1:42

During the past season, 1886, the following horses have made a mile, running, in 1:43 or better:

NAME, AGE AND SIRE.		
Burch, 6, by Enquirer, 109 lbs., Sheepshead, Sept. 11.....	1:41	1:41
Swift, 6, by Great Tom, 75 lbs., Saratoga, Aug. 9.....	1:41	1:41
Ada D, 3, by Enquirer, 108 lbs., Chicago, July 8.....	1:41	1:41
J. C. Hooker, 2, by Joe Hooker, 81 lbs., Stockholm, Cal., Sept. 8.....	1:41	1:41
Rosiere, 5, by Dickens, 95 lbs., Chicago, Sept. 5.....	1:41	1:41
Sir Joseph, 3, by Glenelg, 105 lbs., Chicago, Aug. 6.....	1:41	1:41
Font, 4, by Fonso, 88 lbs., Sheepshead, Aug. 28.....	1:41	1:41
Font, 4, by Great Tom, 95 lbs., Sheepshead, July 16.....	1:41	1:41
Gleaner, 6, by Glenelg, 115 lbs., Brooklyn, Oct. 5.....	1:41	1:41
Gleaner, 6, by Glenelg, 117 lbs., Brooklyn, July 24.....	1:41	1:41
Test, 4, by Ten Broeck, 107 lbs., Lexington, May 10.....	1:41	1:41
Adeline, 2, by Enquirer, 90 lbs., San Francisco, Nov. 13.....	1:41	1:41
Climax, 3, by Scotlander, 108 lbs., Brooklyn, Oct. 7.....	1:41	1:41
Jim Douglas, 4, by Wildcat, 120 pounds, Brighton Beach, Nov. 12.....	1:41	1:41
Markland, 6, by Springbok, Brooklyn, Sept. 2.....	1:41	1:41
Joe Cotton, 4, by King Alfonso, 104 lbs., Sheepshead, June 19.....	1:41	1:41
Frankie B, 6, by Monarchist, 87 lbs., Sheepshead, June 30.....	1:41	1:41
May Lady, 3, by Reform, 98 lbs., Chicago, June 26.....	1:41	1:41
Pontoon, 5, by Virgil, 115 lbs., San Jose, Cal., Oct. 11.....	1:41	1:41
Pontoon, 5, by Mortimer, 97 lbs., Washington, Nov. 5.....	1:41	1:41
Little Minnie, 3, by King Alfonso, 94 lbs., Brooklyn, Oct. 9.....	1:41	1:41
King Robin, 5, by King Ban, 97 lbs., Chicago, July 23.....	1:41	1:41
Adeline, 2, by Fonso, 88 lbs., Sheepshead, July 16.....	1:41	1:41
Verde Hearne, 6, by Fallowater, 95 lbs., Chicago, Nov. 5.....	1:41	1:41
Billy Gilmore, 5, by Brigadier, 117 lbs., Chicago, June 29.....	1:41	1:41
Jacobus, 6, by Ill-Used, 97 lbs., Brighton, May 29.....	1:41	1:41
Euler, 3, by Enquirer, 102 lbs., Chicago, Aug. 3.....	1:41	1:41
Hopdale, 4, by Hurrah, 115 lbs., Chicago, Aug. 11.....	1:41	1:41
Beggarbush, 5, by Billet, 116 pounds, Brooklyn, Oct. 5.....	1:41	1:41
Font, 4, by Fonso, 88 lbs., Sheepshead, July 16.....	1:41	1:41
C. H. Todd, 2, by Joe Hooker, 110 lbs., San Francisco, Nov. 13.....	1:41	1:41
Ferg Kyle, 6, by Rebel, 111 lbs., Brooklyn, Oct. 9.....	1:41	1:41
Gleaner, 6, by Glenelg, 117 lbs., Brooklyn, July 24.....	1:41	1:41
Joe Cotton, 4, by King Alfonso, 104 lbs., Sheepshead, June 19.....	1:41	1:41
Florence E, 4, by Reform, 98 lbs., Monmouth, July 3.....	1:41	1:41
Bob Flaher, 3, by Fonso, 88 lbs., Chicago, July 6.....	1:41	1:41
Jim Gray, 3, by Ten Broeck, 108 lbs., Chicago, Sept. 24.....	1:41	1:41
Billy Gilmore, 5, by Brigadier, 107 lbs., Chicago, July 31.....	1:41	1:41
Irish Pat, 4, by Pat Malloy, 113 lbs., Chicago, July 10.....	1:41	1:41
Hopdale, 4, by Hurrah, 115 lbs., Chicago, July 10.....	1:41	1:41
Boothack, 4, by King Alfonso, 111 lbs., Chicago, July 29.....	1:41	1:41
Rupert, 4, by Falsetto, 110 lbs., Sheepshead, Sept. 16.....	1:41	1:41
Becky B, 4, by Long Bow, 101 lbs., Sheepshead, Sept. 18.....	1:41	1:41
Markland, 6, by Springbok, 104 lbs., Brooklyn, Sept. 2.....	1:41	1:41
Volante, 4, by Glenelg, 104 lbs., Brooklyn, Sept. 15.....	1:41	1:41
Little Minnie, 3, by King Alfonso, 90 lbs., Brooklyn, Sept. 17.....	1:41	1:41
Error, 4, by Glenelg, 95 lbs., Brooklyn, Sept. 17.....	1:41	1:41
Falconer, 4, by H. O'Fallon, 99 lbs., Saratoga, Aug. 11.....	1:41	1:41
Harford, 4, by Harford, 113 lbs., Sheepshead, Sept. 15.....	1:41	1:41
Free Knight, 3, by Ten Broeck, 103 lbs., St. Louis, June 8.....	1:41	1:41
Charity, 3, by Sensation, 98 lbs., Monmouth, July 5.....	1:41	1:41
Jim Gray, 3, by Ten Broeck, 108 lbs., Chicago, Sept. 24.....	1:41	1:41
Climax, 3, by Scotlander, 108 lbs., Lexington, Oct. 22.....	1:41	1:41
Gleaner, 6, by Glenelg, 111½ lbs., Baltimore, Oct. 20.....	1:41	1:41
Argo, 3, by Patsy Duffy, San Francisco, Nov. 18.....	1:41	1:41

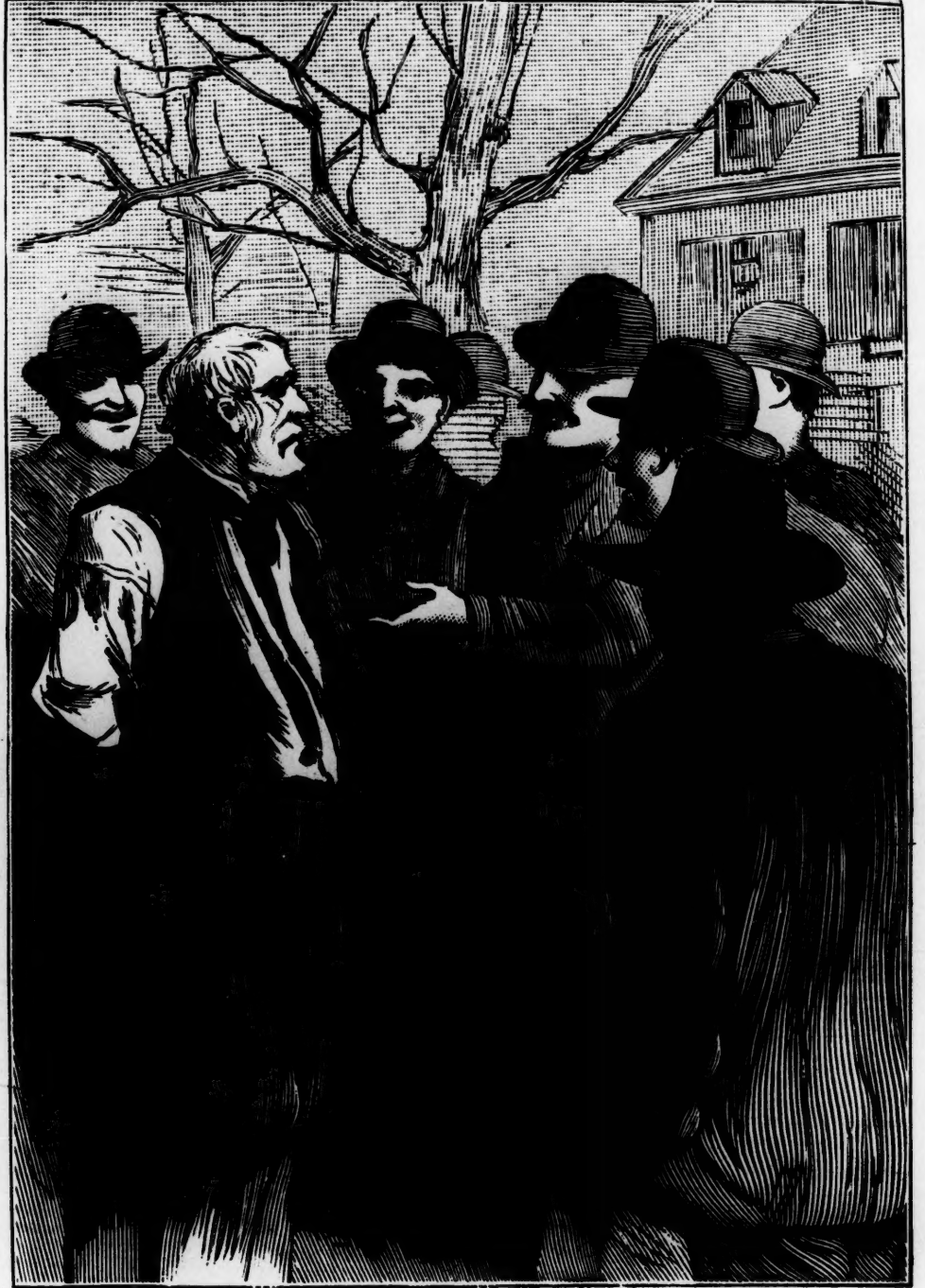
The following are the largest winning horses on the running turf in this country during 1886:

NAME, AGE AND SIRE.		
The Bard, 3, by Longfellow, Bradamante.....	17	11
Trent, 2, by Virgil, Ann Flit, 111 lbs., Chicago, July 29.....	17	11
Inspector B, 3, by Enquirer, Colossus.....	17	9
Dew Drop, 3, by Falsetto, Explosion.....	12	7
Miss Woodford, 6, by Billet, Fancy Jane.....	7	1
Volante, 4, by Glenelg, Sister Ann, Chicago, July 16.....	12	4
Ben Ali, 3, by Virgil, Uricus.....	12	2
King Fox, 2, by King Ban, Maud Hampton.....	5	4
Barnum, 6, by Bonnie Scotland, Thompson.....	43	



FURSCH MADI WAS REAL MAD.

THE GREAT PRIMA DONNA OF THE AMERICAN OPERA COMPANY GOT INTO A SNARL WITH STAGE MANAGER HOCH AT ST. LOUIS.



HE STOOD IT OUT.

FARMER BRUNS OF VALLEY STREAM, L. I., IS ROUGHLY HANDLED BY HIS NEIGHBORS FOR REFUSING TO FORGIVE HIS RUNAWAY DAUGHTER.

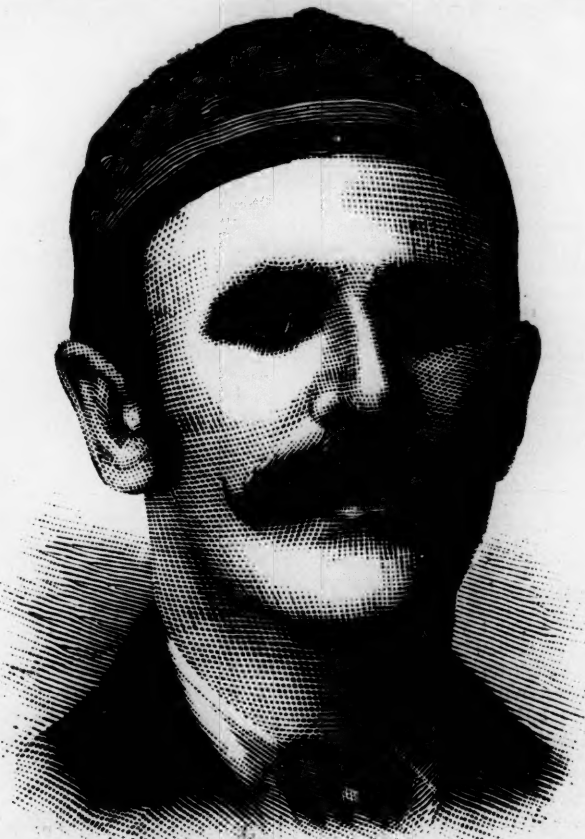


THEY MADE IT HOT FOR HIM.

HOW HIS DELUDED FEMALE CUSTOMERS WENT FOR THE SCALP OF BANKER BRIGHAM BISHOP OF NEW YORK.



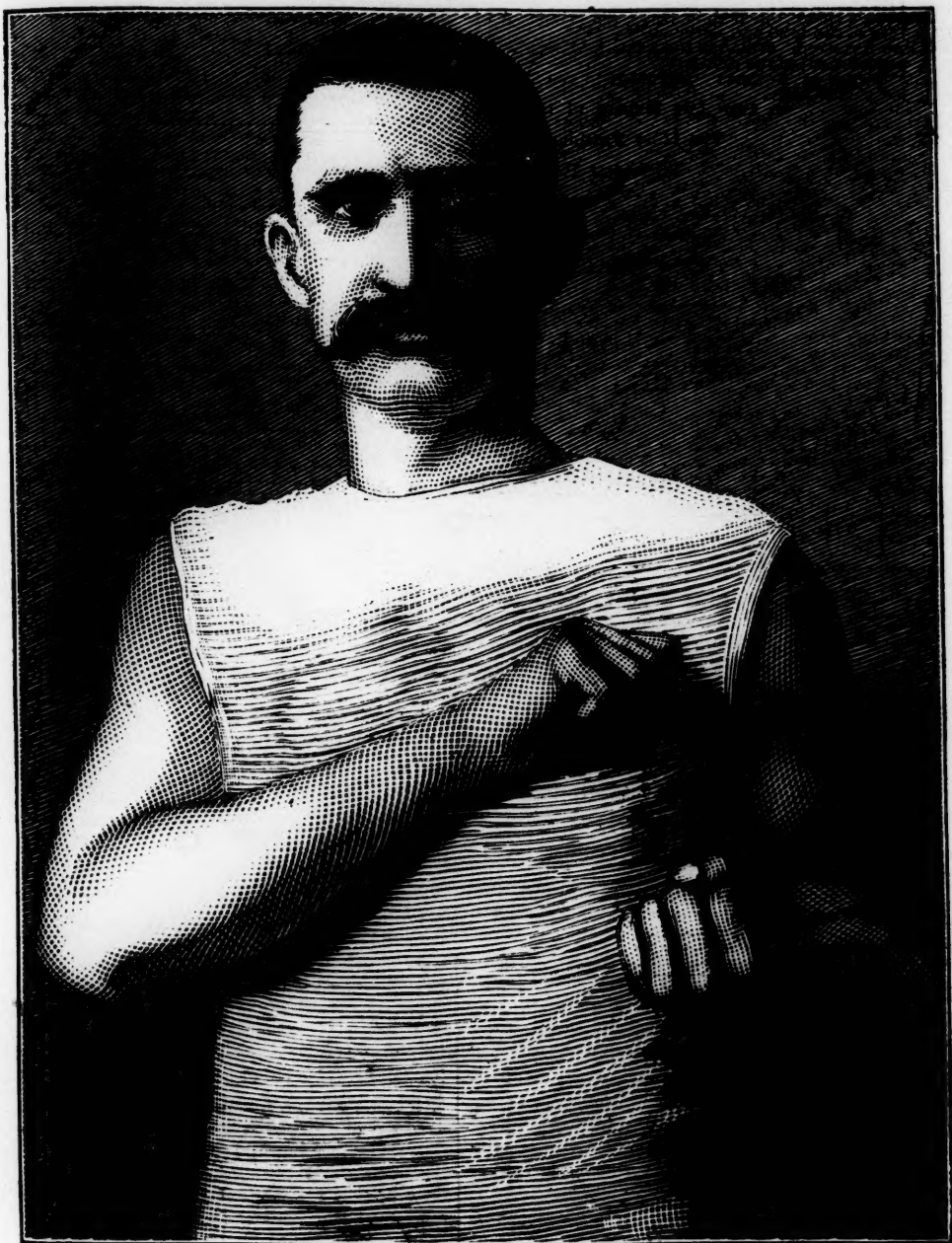
BOBBY HAIGHT,
THE WELL-KNOWN PUGILIST OF HUDSON, N. Y.



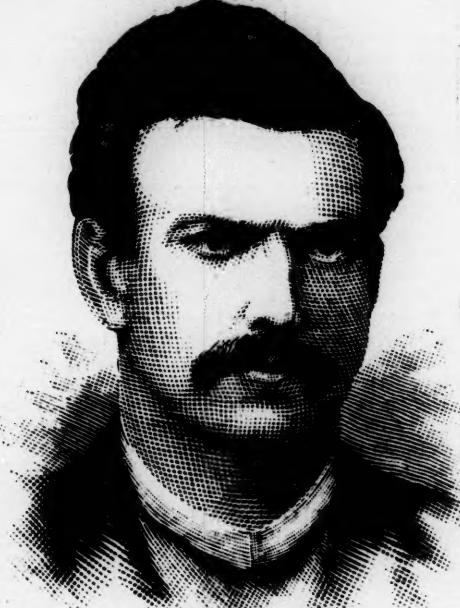
FRANK STOOKEY,
THE WELL-KNOWN HIGH ROPE WALKER AND GENERAL ATHLETE.



B. F. NICHOLS,
A SCIENTIFIC PUGILIST OF FLORENCE, MICH.



ROBERT WRIGHT
A PROMISING SCOTCH PUGILIST RECENTLY ARRIVED IN THE UNITED STATES
AND READY TO MEET ANYONE HIS WEIGHT.



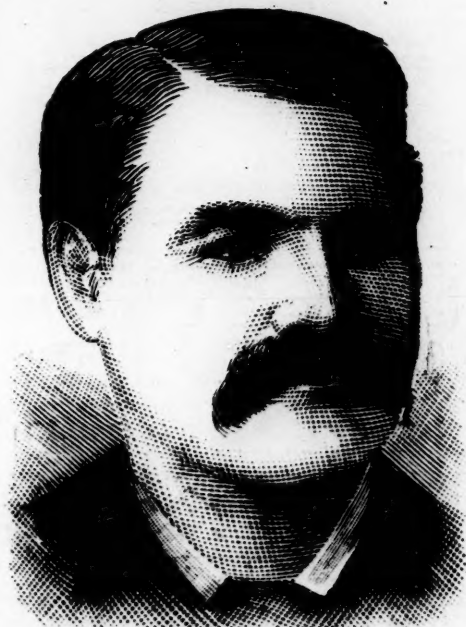
GEORGE W. STOKER,
THE FAMOUS SPRINTER OF CAMBRIA, CAL.



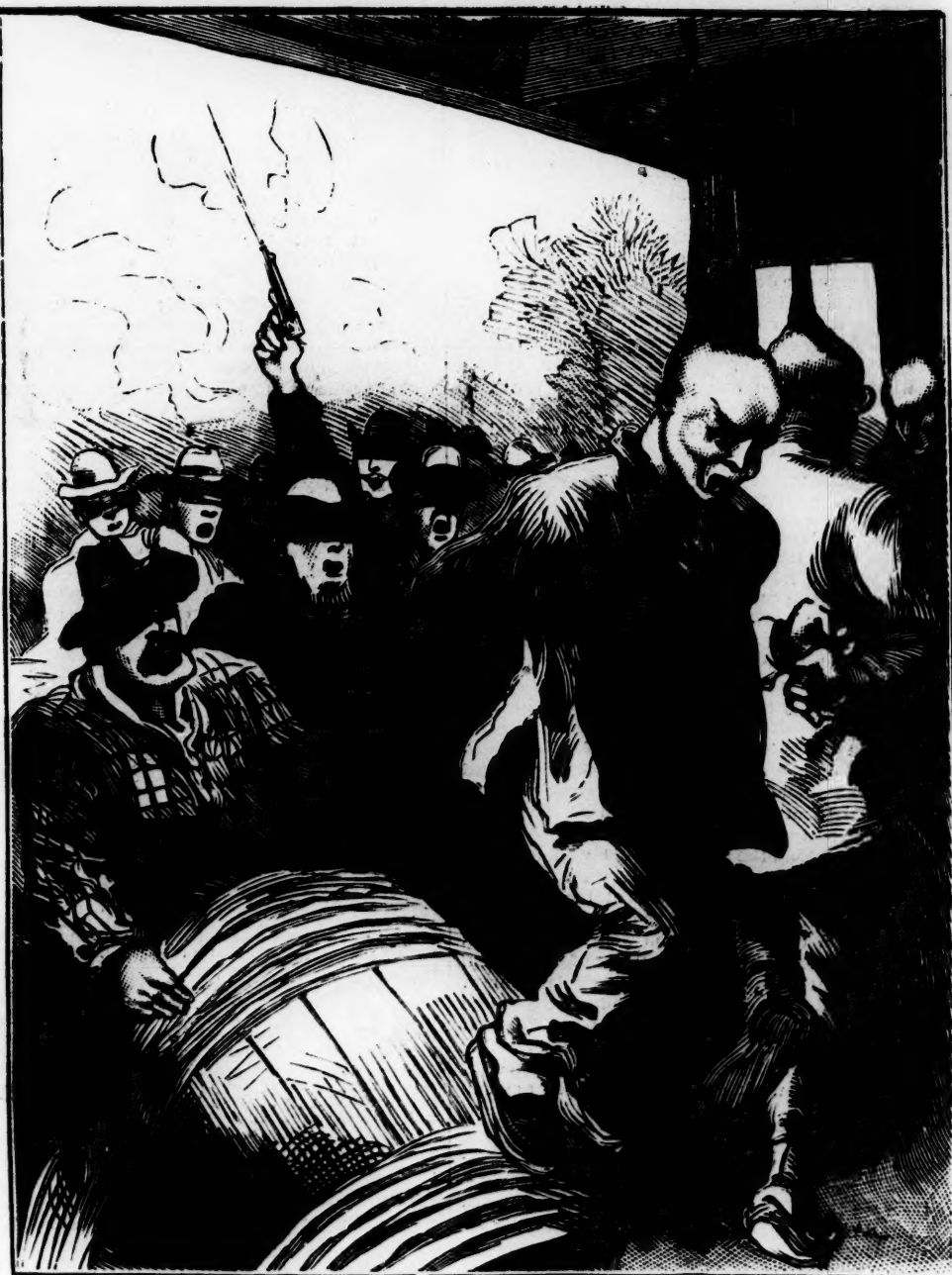
J. W. GEOGAN,
THE CHAMPION ATHLETE OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.



CLARENCE H. FREEMAN,
CHAMPION CHECKER PLAYER OF AMERICA.



"LEM" FELCHER,
THE NOTED SPORTING MAN OF TORONTO.



HUNG BY THEIR QUEUES.
HOW FIFTY MOON-EYED MONGOLIANS WERE HANDLED BY THE HOODLUM POP-
ULATION OF MORITA, NEAR BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

BOBBY HAIGHT.

[With Portrait.]
Elsewhere will be found a lifelike portrait of Bobby Haight, the well known puglist of Hudson, N. Y.

GEORGE W. STOKER.

[With Portrait.]
In this issue we publish a portrait of George W. Stoker, of Cambria, Cal., the famous sprint runner who it is said can run 150 yards in 15½ seconds, and 100 in 9¼ seconds.

J. W. GEOGAN.

[With Portrait.]
J. W. Geogan, the well-known athlete of San Francisco, is well known in athletic circles on the Pacific Slope. He is a general athlete and has been successful in numerous contests.

PROFESSOR DE LEON.

[With Portrait.]
We published last week a full account of the devilish doings of this so-called astrologer, professor De Leon, telling how he sent a number of young, innocent and pretty women to the bell-boles of Panama from this city.

FRANK STOOKEY.

[With Portrait.]
Frank Stookey, the well known high-rope walker, was born in Wilkesbarre, Pa., 1858. He first performed in public in his native town in 1874, has been with all the principal circuses since; now engaged on his Southern tour.

B. F. NICHOLS.

[With Portrait.]
B. F. Nichols is well known in sporting circles in Michigan. He resides in Florence, stands 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 150 pounds. He was born at Watertown, Mich., and has a standing challenge to meet all middle-weights of the State at 150 pounds.

FRANK KERNER.

[With Portrait and Illustration.]
Frank Kerner, of Reading, Pa., has made a full confession of the killing of his wife, who he choked to death in a fit of anger. He carried her up to the third floor, where he placed her on a bed and poured oil over the dead woman, and set fire to her clothing. This terrible crime has created a decided sensation in Reading and vicinity.

AN IGNOMINIOUS DEATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]
Dr. Harbaugh, a popular young veterinary surgeon of Knoxville, Tenn., and a friend named Redell, while visiting a well-known demi-mondaine named Nan Letsinger, got involved in a quarrel with her. To prevent her shooting Redell, the doctor grabbed her round the body and received the bullet in his own person, dying shortly afterward. We illustrate the scene and print elsewhere a portrait of the woman who is held for murder.

SERVED THE SIREN RIGHT.

[Subject of Illustration.]
About three weeks ago the young daughter of Captain William Hodges disappeared from her home in Memphis, and up to a few days ago no trace of her could be found. Finally her father traced her to Vicksburg, whither he went. He found his daughter in a bagnio. The girl was willing to go with him, but the siren, who had lured her away, tried to prevent her, whereupon the indignant father gave her a terrible beating. He then took the thoroughly repentant daughter home.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THEIR BEER.

[Subject of Illustration.]
A Cincinnati brewery sent forty barrels of beer as a Thanksgiving treat to the Soldiers' Home, and the veterans crowded the entrance to beer hall until the large porch broke down. Four hundred filled the bar room, and, unwilling to fire and fall back, kept on drinking without consideration for their twenty-five hundred thirsty comrades in line outside waiting their turns. The officers of the Institution saw trouble brewing, and ordered the bull vacated and the doors closed. The prospect for free beer kept all the old soldiers at home, and the trains, usually crowded on holidays, came into the city empty.

DETERMINED TO DROWN.

[Subject of Illustration.]
In the little town of Corfu, which lies between Rochester and Buffalo, on the New York Central Railway, William Mayer, a wealthy New Yorker and a hay merchant, committed suicide. For four seasons past he has resided several months in the year at Corfu, which is the centre of a large hay producing country, and it is stated that Mayer has generally bought all the hay crop in the county to sell in New York.

When in Corfu he boarded with a family named Block, and on the afternoon of Dec. 6 they missed Mayer when dinner was ready. A daughter went in search of him, but no trace of the man could be found by her. She noticed, however, that several planks had been removed from the top of an old well near the barn, and reported her fears. Several neighbors helped to examine the old well and at the bottom, in ten feet of water, they found the hay merchant's body. He had tied a thirty-pound iron weight around his neck with a piece of rope and jumped in feet first. No letters or memoranda were found in explanation of the suicide. His Corfu accounts are all correct and he was not financially embarrassed. He was between fifty and sixty years of age, and leaves a child residing in an uptown flat in New York. He has been cheerful as usual the past week and never betrayed any suicidal intention.

CLARENCE H. FREEMAN.

[With Portrait.]
Clarence H. Freeman, the champion checker player of America, was born in Central Village, Conn., on Dec. 7, 1859, and is consequently 26 years of age. He is a Pequot Indian and is remarkably quick, smart and intelligent, and his recent plays have "astonished the natives." He commenced checker playing when but

seven years of age, with black and white beans, and played in his first tournament in 1876 at Providence, winning the first prize. A short time after he accepted a challenge of James Hill, of Providence, and played with him 24 games, winning 6 to Hill's 4, with 14 drawn. In 1879 he played against Mr. Priest, of Philadelphia, a match of 50 games, winning 9 to Priest's 8, with 33 drawn. In 1879 he played for the championship of Rhode Island against M. G. Murray. They played 20 games, of which 10 were drawn: Freeman won 8 and Murray but 2. In December last he played a friendly match with James Wylie, the champion of the world, winning 4 to Wylie's 1, with 15 drawn. On April 11 he opened the match with Banker, of Boston, the champion of the United States. For ten hours a day and sixteen days they played, and during that whole time only accomplished a score of 48 games, Freeman winning 6 to Banker's 3, with 39 drawn, he thereby winning the \$400 stake and the championship of the United States. The games were witnessed daily by a score of people, who anted their little ball a dollar for the pleasure of the sight.

A DRUNKEN RACE HORSE.

Concerning the recent defeat of Melton by St. Gatien at Newmarket, which puzzled turfites on this side of the water, "Rapier," the clever turf editor of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, writes as follows: "St. Gatien beat Melton without an effort for the Jockey Club cup on Friday, and I have little doubt that Eurasian could have beaten Melton also; but I have not seen in print the true account of the race. The fact is that Melton was not sober. It was thought that he had shown some lack of courage lately—a not unnatural result of running a horse with over ten stones on his back—and it was determined to give him some whisky before the race. When Tom Cannon was about to get up the whisky bottle was produced, and the remark made that it was well mixed with water. 'The jockey wants some as well as the horse,' Cannon said, chaffingly, but he took a sip and found it very strong. Before Melton had gone half a mile in the race Cannon says that the horse was quite drunk—the excitement and exertion had, I suppose, made the spirit act—and a back could have beaten him. I do not suppose for a moment that Melton would have beaten St. Gatien under any circumstances in a race over the Cesarewitch course, but the colt would have made a better show had he been sober."

"Vigilant" in *Wilkes' Spirit* adds: "Cases like the above are far less common than one would expect, for trainers are fond of dosing horses of light courage. When Fanchon defeated the renowned Monarchist for the Manhattan handicap of 1872 Dr. Ogle gave her a pint bottle of brandy, she being a very fast but very high-strung, nervous creature. The late George Sutcliffe used to regularly give Girona a pint of sherry before a race, and, indeed, she would not try without it, and it was on sherry that she beat Aranza. Sutcliffe preferred sherry on the ground that its effects lasted longer than whisky. It may not be generally known, but it is true nevertheless, that Charlie Boyle used the whisky bottle regularly on Springfield last season. The veteran had turned cunning, and would not try unless inspired with 'Dutch courage,' and no one will deny that it worked admirably." That notorious rogue Silver Cloud had a pint of whisky before he started for the American Derby this year or he would never have won it. Horses are like men in the amount of whisky they can take, and it would seem that Melton's trainer overdid it.

A FATHER'S TERRIBLE CRIME.

A sensation has been caused in the town of Williamstown, N. J., Dec. 3, by the announcement of a horrible crime committed by a father. Dr. Edwards was called to attend a child named Alice Hughes, only twelve years of age, who was undergoing the agonies of child-birth. After a terrible struggle a babe weighing eight pounds was born alive. The child-mother was living with her aunt for about two months, who has in vain pressed her to give the name of her betrayer. After the birth of her child, thinking she was dying, she confessed that her father, Henry Hughes, was the cause of her misfortune. Another daughter, about eighteen years of age, who also gave birth some years ago to an illegitimate child, now confesses that her father was the father of that infant, but by threats of the most horrible nature compelled her to keep silent and bear her shame alone. This brute is now father and grandfather to two children by two of his own daughters, and he does not deny the accusation. Luckily for him he cannot be found or the indignant citizens would first treat him to a coat of tar and feathers and then hang him to the nearest tree.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

On Thursday evening week, a cultivated, handsomely dressed woman, wearing diamond jewelry, registered and took a room at the Grand Union Hotel under the name of "Mrs. A. Dunbar, Newark, N. J." Nothing more was seen of her till the afternoon of Dec. 3, when her room was broken into by the hotel people and she was found entirely nude, lying across the bed, almost dead from the effects of chloroform and a dose of chloral. Medical aid was summoned, and after she had been revived to some extent she was removed to a hospital, where she was finally brought out of danger. In her delirium she constantly called for her little boy. When pressed, she admitted that she had attempted suicide. She said her name was Catharine Skillings, and that her home was in Winchester, Mass. She would say no more. On a plate on a bag which she carried the name "Skillings" was engraved. In a memorandum book the words Mrs. M. D. Davis, Dunbar, Roxbury, Mass., were written.

Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their celebrated Voltaic Belt and Electric Appliances, on thirty days' trial, to any man (young or middle-aged) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, lack of nerve force and vigor, and other diseases. The greatest remedial agent ever discovered. Write to them for illustrated pamphlet free. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

CURE FOR THE DRAPE.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOK, 333 Broadway, N. Y.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glances of Gotham; or, *New York by Daylight and after Dark*.
Man Traps of New York. A Full Expose of the Metropolitan Swindler.
New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of *Glances of Gotham*.
New York Tombs: Its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.
Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.
Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.
Paris Inside Out; or, *Joe Potts on the Loose*. A vivid story of Parisian life.
Secrets of the Stage; or, *The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled*.
Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.
James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers.
Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.
Cupid's Crimes; or, *The Tragedies of Love*. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy.
Famous Frauds; or, *The Shams of Society*. The lives and adventures of famous impostors.
Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Expose of its Hidden Crimes.
Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective.
Heathen Chinee. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the saffron slaves of California.
Guileau's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield.
Assassin's Doom. Sequel to *Guileau's Crime*. A history of the trial and sentence.
Crime Avenged. Sequel to the *Assassin's Doom*. The punishment of the murderer.
Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Ren Romance of Crime.
Faro Exposed. A Complete Expose of the Great American Game.
Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.
Mable Unmasked; or, *The Wickedest Place in the World*.
Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity An Excuse for Murder.
Boycotting. Aving Ireland's Wrongs. A true history of the trouble.
Suicide's Cranks, or, *The Curiosities of Self-Murder*. Showing the origin of suicide.
Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

SPORTING BOOKS.
The American Athlete, a Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.
Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.
Life of Jim Mace, ex-Champion of England.
"John Morrissey, Puglist, Sport and Statesman."
"John C. Heenan, with all his Battles."
"Tug Wilson, Champion Puglist of England."
"Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman."
Betting Man's Guide, or, *How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations*.

Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.
Reading Notices..... 200 " "
Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.

The *Police Gazette* has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14½ inches each, and 2½ inches wide.

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No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.
During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.
Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

CIGARS.

Jokers have you seen the Surprise Cigar? To all appearances an ordinary cigar, yet explodes on touching secret spring. Best joke out. Harmless; can be repeated any number of times. Sample 25 cents. PARIS NOVELTY CO., Jersey City, N. J.

PERSONAL.

Married Ladies—Send self-addressed stamped envelope. Mrs. M. BROWNLEE, Nantux, Pa.

SPORTING.

Sexual Power recovered permanently; use our Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5, post paid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

\$10,000 STAKES. BIGGEST PRIZE FIGHT ever known. Colored picture, 19x24, with key, price 25c. F. E. SMITH, 280 Broadway, N. Y.

Poker; new holdout; R. Waltemire, Spencertown, N. Y.

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WATKINS, JEWELRY AND NOTIONS. The cheapest place in the West. SEE SAMPLE and Illustrations FREE. W. HILL & CO., 100 W. Madison St., Chicago.

\$5 Electric Searf Pin and Pocket Battery. \$5 Electric Bell, Battery, Wire, etc., all complete. G. & B. ELECTRIC CO., 423 Eighth Avenue, New York.

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EPPS'S COCOA
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

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WE WANT YOU! A live energetic man or woman in every county. Salary \$75 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars Free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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Diseases of men a specialty. Moderate charges and honorable treatment. Address or call on N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

Agents can make \$1 an hour. New Goods. Samples and terms free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

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A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the *POLICE GAZETTE* where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application. RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York.

LOVE letters, private journals, secret correspondence, use Turkish Invisible Ink. Detection impossible. Complete outfit, \$1. STAR CHEMICAL CO., Lock Box 608, Wichita, Kansas.

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Divorces.—A. Goodrich, attorney at law, 124 Dearborn street, Chicago. Advice free; eighteen years' experience; business quietly and legally transacted.

Divorce Law of Illinois. Legal advice free. Send stamp. Cornell & Spencer, 536 Randolph St., Chicago.

WANTS.

is hungry for the trade of streetmen, auctioneers and canvassers. Novelties and notions and jewelry 20 per cent cheaper than elsewhere. Canes for canes—boards a specialty. Write for Catalogue. Mention this paper. H. WOLF, 112 Franklin st., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted—A man with \$300, to manage Miss Camille Townsend in her repertoire; small company, small towns and first-class shows. To the right man success is assured. Stage Manager, South Boston, Mass.

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The Proper Study of Mankind is Man. Know Thyself. Just published (Pocket edition), either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lectures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to attend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary, New York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York.

Emissions and Waste stopped by using our Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5, post paid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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C—MONEY. \$100 in finely engraved bank notes for \$1 postal note; sample (\$10 bill) 25 cents, half-dollars, (fine imitation silver) sample, 25 cents. WILLIAM C., Box 1145, West Winsted, Conn.

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12 CARDS, entitled: "What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door"; "The Ticker"; "The Newly-Married Couple"; "Sparkling in the Dark"; "The Baneful Man and His Experience on His Wedding Night"; "How to Do It"; and five others equally racy 50 cents. Young sport! Pack (50) Genuine Transparent Cards; with 2 cabinets of females from life for 50 cents. Full Mail Gazette Expose, in book form; just published, 32 pages spicy reading, 15 cents. Genes! For your girls; 6 curious teasing love letters; read two different ways, 10 cents. All of the above complete for a \$1 bill. QUEEN CITY SUPPLY AGENT, Box M, Plainfield, N. J.

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Decay, debility, consumption. Thousands of cases cured by our Nervous Debility Pills. \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

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TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBES and **COPICUBA** Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation) make Tarrant's Extract the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud see that each package has a red strip across the face of the label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y. upon it. Price \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed I have no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 133 Pearl St., New York.

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured by Doan's Kidney Pills, in seven days; avoid imitations; buy Doan's. It is genuine. Full directions. Price \$1.50; half boxes, 75 cents. All druggists.

We cordially recommend you to us for Gonorrhea and Gleet. It is a safe, reliable, and in every case it has given satisfaction.

M'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Mental and Physical Prostration. Complete cure by using the Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

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Fancy Pictures for Gents. Man and Woman together; natural as life. Sold in sets of 12 for \$1. Guarantee them; exceedingly rich and the finest Pictures in this or any foreign market; one set (12) safely by mail, \$1. LIBERTY SUPPLY AGENT, 80 Nassau St., New York. Room 15, rear building.

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TRY ONCE,

and you will be convinced that I have the Old-Time P. H. Book, \$2.50; also the Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, \$2.50 per pack. To prove it, I will send you the best sample of the cards; also 10 of the illustrated pages of the P. H. Book on receipt of One Dollar (Room 2), OLD-TIME BOOK AGT, 169 William St., N. Y.

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The First Night, a poem with seven highly-colored vignettes, 50c. The Three Sisters, their naughty doings, 30 pages, 50c. Japanese Women Before Their Bath, set colored pictures, 50c. 1 Address in Tights, 10 photos, 25c. The Female Form, Divine, 5 photos, 10 lights, 50c. The Magic Revealers, nature exposed, 25c. Our Coachman on the Marsh, Six illus. cards, 25c. All these goods to one address for \$2. STAR NOVELTY CO., Lock Box, Philadelphia, Pa.

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GOODS. Latest Improved. Gents, 25 cents, 3 for 50, 8 for \$1. Ladies, 50 cents each. Secure from observation. J. W. FRANKS, Box 5150, Boston, Mass.

\$25

will start any person in a new business, and which will pay from \$10 to \$50 every evening. No this and write at once.

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Counterfeit Money, not any. (1) sample for inspection 10c. Add., H. C. Rowell & Co., Rutland, Vt.

Results of Errors of Youth completely removed; Health and Manhood restored by the Nervous Debility Pills. Address N. E. MED. INST., Boston.

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LADIES VERY USEFUL RUBBER ARTICLE: self-cleaning, fireproof, durable, safe, fine material. Sent sealed \$50 CENTS. 2 for 80 cents. GENTS RUBBER SAFES: best Improved, never fail! 25 cents each, 3 for 60c. Sent stamps. NOVELTY IMPORTING CO., Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.



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THE NEW TESTAMENT, the best book printed; every sport should have one, 50c. A Famous French Book translated into plain English. Racy and exciting; you will enjoy it, 50c. A sample of the richest Photos in the market, 25c.; 5 for \$1.00. All the above, secure by mail, for a dollar bill. STATE SUPPLY AGENT, Box 7, Camden, N. J.

Gent's Vest-pocket article: very thin, tough and durable, 20c. An ounce of Prevention, 30c. Rubber Article for Ladies, \$1. Bachelors' Friend, 30c. Secrets, 20c. GARDEN CITY NOVELTY CO., Chicago, Ill.

Naughty Clara's Song, with Photo: rich and rare, 15c. Mollie's Dream, 12c. French Secrets, 12c.; all, 30c. Genuine French Transparent Cards, \$1 per pack. G. M. HANSON, Chicago, Ill.

Ladies & Gents—a whole night's fun (and more); mailed for 25c. 10 stamps; no rubber goods; no failure. R. JOYCE, Nashua, Pa.

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FOR 1887.

First issued in January, 1886, it at once became a favorite, containing in chronological order 365 important events.

Its record is perfect, giving winners of the English Derby, the Kentucky Derby, the One Thousand and Two Thousand Guineas, and other prominent races since their commencement. Record of Pedestrians, Bicycle, Snowshoe, Baseball, Boat Racing, Yachting, Rifle and Shooting Matches, the Laws of Athletics, Rowing, Betting, etc.; Fastest Running, Trotting Time and interesting Prize Ring Statistics, with Portraits of Famous Actors and Actresses, Oarsmen, Pugilists, Jockeys, etc., together with a Theatrical Almanac, making a comprehensive and thoroughly reliable Encyclopedia of Sport. Now in course of preparation, and will be out on Jan. 1st.

It is one of the best Advertising Mediums on this continent, being found in the hands of every sporting man in the country.

A valuable book of reference for 25c. Send in your orders quick. Newsdealers order in advance.

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Sensational Books and Photos. 24 samples and circulars (gents only) 12c. Lock box 19, Montclair, N. J.

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